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THE  
INFANT'S ANNUAL;  
OR,  
A MOTHER'S OFFERING.

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THE MOWBRAY FAMILY.

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“Mamma,” said little Annette to her mother, as she was sitting one evening at the window of Mrs. Casey’s beautiful cottage, which was all shaded with pretty roses, and jessamines, and honeysuckles, “How much I should like to have a nice little garden, between my brother and myself. You know George could dig it for me, and papa and you, could give me flowers and seeds to put in it, and it would be so delightful, to have it growing up under our own eye and care.” “Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Mowbray, “It will give me great pleasure, to assist either George or you, in any thing that will improve you; but you must

be very attentive to it and not allow weeds and rubbish to overgrow it.

Next day, sure enough, mamma allowed little Annette a pretty spot of ground, and it was pleasant to see with what diligence, her brother George, and his companion Henry Mason, undertook to cultivate it.



GEORGE AND HENRY DIGGING ANNETTE'S GARDEN.

In a short time there was a great variety of seeds put into it, and the ground all nicely raised in beds; these Bill the gardener, bordered all around with boxwood, and planted in them many fine plants the little brother and sister could not have procured. Their papa also gave them three handsome flower pots, one for Henry Mason, one for George, and one for Annette, which made it have quite a grand appearance; it was then delightful to see



with what diligence little Annette attended to her garden, and how anxiously both she and George strove to rear their flowers, and in a short time, they had the satisfaction to see their garden in full bloom, and their pots, each with a beautiful flower in it. This little boy and girl took all these pains with their garden, not as many other children would have done, from mere amusement, or desire of novelty, but from a wish to acquire information; for their good mother had promised them, when their flowers were grown, to sit down and tell them the history of every plant.



ANNETTE WATERING HER FLOWERS.

It was therefore quite pleasant to see how good little Annette would go out every morning, when she had got

her lessons, with her watering pot and water, to sprinkle her flowers.

In a very few months, her garden was in full bloom, and her papa and mamma took pleasure in sitting down beside it and in admiring it. It was one of these times, on a beautiful summer evening, when her mamma and papa, were enjoying the coolness of the air, that Martha asked them to tell her the histories of the different flowers they had promised, as soon as her garden should be grown.

“My dear,” said her father, taking her on his knee, while George sat on a bank at his feet, “I will first tell you a very curious story, about that piece of bread you and your brother are eating. Do you know that that piece of sweet nourishing bread you eat with so much relish, was once buried in the ground?” “Dear me,” said Annette, “Oh papa, how was that? why a little while ago I saw mamma cut it off the loaf, in the cupboard.” “Be patient my darlings,” said Mr. Mowbray, “and I will tell you how it was. You see that field opposite now covered with beautiful wheat—well, in the winter time, that field lay all bare and rough, as that ground there, which William the gardener has just dug. When Tom the servant, took two

horses, and harnessed them to that great iron instrument you saw in the barn the other day, which is called a plough. Well, Tom harnessed the horses to that plough, and drove them into that field, and when the horses drew the plough, the sharp end entered the ground and turned it all over. "Oh, indeed, pa!" said George, "I saw him do it."



TOM PLOUGHING THE FIELD.

Well my dear, when it was all ploughed over, he put the same horses to another curious instrument, called a harrow, full of long iron spikes, and tore all the lumps to pieces, then he took an immense number of little grains of wheat and scattered them all over the field, and then buried them up." "Oh my, pa!" said the little children, "and were they not all lost?" "No, my dears; after laying in



TOM SOWING THE WHEAT.

the ground some time, they sprouted up in little green stalks; and by and by grew very tall and strong, and every stalk contained a great many grains of wheat.” “Oh dear, papa!” said the little boy and girl, “and did they all grow out of one of those little grains?” “Yes, my children.” “Well papa, and what did they do next?”



THE MEN SHEARING THE WHEAT.

“Why, when they were quite ripe and hard, a great many

men with sharp crooked knives, called shearing hooks, cut them all down, and this they called shearing; they were then all tied up into long bundles, called sheaves



A SHEAF OF WHEAT.

and they were drawn home in carts, and a merry day it was: plenty of bread and cheese to eat, and cider to drink and every body seemed happy and delighted." "Oh, indeed pa! I remember that day very well," said the little boy "I



DRAWING HOME THE GRAIN.

got leave from school, and Johnny Mason and Charles Murphy, played hoop along the wood."

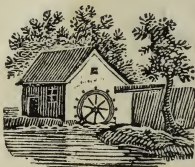


“When it is all put into the barn, the sheaves are taken one by one and laid upon the ground, and two men beat out all the grain, which is called thrashing; and when



THRASHING THE WHEAT.

all is sifted and cleaned, they make forty or fifty times as much as was put into the ground at first. It is next brought to a mill, and put between two great stones, which are kept constantly turning round, and thus ground into fine



MILL TO GRIND THE WHEAT.

flour. It is then brought to the Bakers and made into loaves.” “Indeed, papa! I never could have thought



there could have been so much trouble in preparing a simple loaf." "Well, my dear children," said Mr. Mowbray, "it must make you careful never to waste any thing, not even a crumb of bread, when it is not only so good in itself, but when it requires so long a time and goes through so many hands before it can be made fit for use."

"Now Father," said little George, "that is quite a delightful story, and Mamma you must tell us another to-morrow, about some other plant, as good." The mother and father kissed both the children, and they went home quite pleased with the instruction they had received.

Now George and Annette, were very good little children, and did all their papa and mamma desired them. They were not like many other little boys and girls, bold



GEORGE AND ANNETTE PRAYING

and self-willed, crying and putting the whole house in dis-

order with their bad temper. Every morning and evening, they knelt down together, and prayed to God to bless them and forgive them, as every little child ought to do

Every day they both said all their lessons very cheerfully, and if they had them well, they were allowed to go and play in the garden. Both Annette and George had little companions, nearly their own age, who used to come every day and play with them. Mr. Mowbray had a very fine large dog called Carlo, who was quite fond of children, and was never so pleased as when he was drawing them about in a little car made for the purpose. It was indeed delightful to see how nice Carlo would draw lit-



CARLO DRAWING ANNETTE IN HER CARRIAGE.

tle Annette about in her carriage, always ready to stop at the word of command, and trot, or walk, just as she liked.

George likewise had a little friend whom I mentioned before, called Henry Mason; Henry and he, were very fond of going out every day to a pretty summerhouse they had made themselves in the garden, and there reading some nice book of stories which they had won for their good conduct at school.



GEORGE AND HENRY ON THE SUMMER SEAT.

Well, one fine summer evening, all these little Masters and Misses, assembled in Annette's garden, to hear Mrs. Mowbray tell them another story, the good lady gave them all a nice piece of cake, and they were as happy as children could be.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Mowbray, "the first

thing I shall tell you of, shall be this fine rose, which looks so beautiful and smells so sweet. It is the prettiest of all flowers, and is called their queen, and is every where so well liked, that when people wish to say any thing is very good and fair, they say it is like the rose.

“There are a great many different kinds of roses—the white rose, the red rose, the moss rose, with some others. Long, long ago, there was a great war in England, and the two armies took one a white, and the other a red rose for their emblem.” “Indeed,” said George, “I remember very well reading about them, they were called the wars of ‘York and Lancaster.’” “Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Mowbray, “and it is believed that more than one hundred thousand men were killed while they lasted.” But I am going to tell you a story of a good little girl, whose name was Rose Bradley, and who was so very pretty, and her temper so sweet, that she was called by no other name than the Red Rose of Mosston. She lived in a handsome little cottage, about two miles from the town, the walls of which were all covered with beautiful climbing flowers, and you can hardly imagine a finer child than she was. She was not much over eight or nine years of age, and had curling silky hair, large blue eyes, and a skin as white as snow. Yet

though she was so very beautiful, she was not vain or proud, but quite good natured and agreeable, so that every body was fond of her. This little girl, was taught by her father to read, every fine night, sitting on a chair at his cottage door ; and so diligent and attentive was she to her lessons, that she soon knew more than many a girl who was twice as old.



LITTLE ROSE TAUGHT BY HER FATHER TO READ.

“She was soon so good a scholar, that when she went to school, she was appointed to teach other girls, many of them much older, but who did not know so much as her

self. Then she was so kind, and showed so much knowledge, that they all loved her in their hearts, and used to call her their little mistress. When out of school, Rose used to visit all the poor sick people in the neighbourhood, and buy them any thing they would require, to make them more comfortable ; and whatever medicine would be ordered for them, by the doctor. At church no person was so attentive as little Rose, and she felt more delight in loving and serving God, than any one else would have done, in all the romps and plays in the world.

“ Well, one time Rose went out with her father, in a boat to have a sail, and a great many more along with them.



ROSE SAILING.

“ The day was very fine, and the water smooth, and all went on delightfully, until a sudden squall came on, and awful



to be told, the boat upset. Poor little Rose was dashed into the water, and would have been drowned but for her father, who being a good swimmer, used every exertion to save his darling child. She was put into another boat and brought home, where the fright and the wetting, threw her into a violent fever.

“It would have done any one’s heart good, to see how patiently this dear child suffered in her severe complaint. All the little children around came to her, and she talked so sweetly to them about Heaven, and God, that no one could keep from crying. It was a pity to see how her fine rosy cheeks grew wan and pale, and her whole body once so fair, became sickly and thin. One day when her mamma and three of her little comrades were around her bed all weeping for the situation she was in, she said, ‘Oh my dear, dear mamma, don’t weep for me, I know I am going to die, but I am going to a place where I will be far happier. I had a dream but a little while ago, and I thought I was wandering in the pretty walk near the house, when an angel with golden wings came and took me by the hand, and kissed me, and said, “Rose, you shall live with me forever;” and I heard the sound of harps, and of delightful music. And Oh mamma, I do think I will soon be with the angel.’ ‘My dear

child, I hope God designs to leave you a little longer with me.' 'Oh mamma, I shall go before you, to that delightful land, of which you so often told me—where the sun always shines, and the flowers never fade. Oh, dear mamma, kiss me, I am going now, I hear the harps, I see the angels, mamma, mamma,' and she closed her eyes, and soon after gently died."



ROSE DYING.

The children all listened with breathless attention, while Mrs. Mowbray was telling them this story, and some of

them were seen to wipe their eyes, so much were they affected by the narrative. At last Annette said, "Mamma, when poor little Rose was dead, what did they do with her?" "Oh, indeed, every person felt then as though they had lost their own child; when her little pale corpse was dressed in white and laid in her coffin, every person who knew her, came to see her. The morning she was buried, all the children of the school, in white dresses and carrying baskets of flowers in their hands, walked at her funeral.



THE FUNERAL OF ROSE.

Old men and young, carried her coffin, and the pall was held by four little girls, about her own age. When she was laid

in the grave, and the cold earth put over her, every one cried for the death of so good a child.

“My dear children,” continued Mrs. Mowbray, “you must all strive, and follow the good example of little Rose, and every body will love you while living and regret you when dead.” The boys and girls, were all exceedingly moved by the story—all promised that they would do every thing in their power, to be like that dear little child, whose history they had just heard.



ROSE'S GRAVE.

Soon after, a good many masters and misses who had come to see Annette and George, were assembled in Mrs. Mowbray's parlour—when Annette said to her mamma, “Oh ma, what a sorrowful story that is I was reading last night, of the children in the wood—where did it happen mamma.” “My dear,” said her mother, “that happened many years ago. There are hardly men wicked enough

now to do such a cruel action—though it sometimes happens that children are deserted by their bad parents. If you are all good now, I will tell you a story about some poor little children, who were left upon a desolate island by their father.” “Oh mamma do let us hear,” “Oh Mrs. Mowbray do tell us,” cried every tongue immediately. “Be patient, I will tell it to you, but I will not do it any faster for your being so very anxious about it!” This gentle reproof made them all quiet, and Mrs. Mowbray began, “In the autumn of 1823, a man was descending the Ohio river, with three small children in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and in the emigrating spirit of our people, was transporting his all to a new country, where he might again begin the world. Arriving toward evening in a small island, he landed them for the purpose of encamping there for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions: and telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island.

“Unfortunately he met on the shore with some loose company, who invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and in attempting to return to the island in the night, was



THE LITTLE CHILDREN DESERTED BY THEIR FATHER.

drowned. The canoe floated away, and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day.

The poor deserted children, in the meanwhile, wandered about the uninhabited island, straining their little eyes to get a glimpse of their father. Night came on, and they had no fire nor food—no bed to rest upon, no parent to watch over them. The weather was extremely cold, and the eldest child, though but eight years of age, remembered to have heard, that persons who slept in the cold, were sometimes chilled to death. She continued therefore, to wander about; and when the younger children were worn out with



fatigue and drowsiness, and ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake with amusing or alarming stories. At length nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then the sister sat down, and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them to her lap, and endeavoured to impart the warmth of her own bosom, as they slept sweetly on her arms.

Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore weeping bitterly. At length they were filled with joy by



THE INDIANS ON THE DESOLATE ISLAND.

the sight of a canoe approaching the island. But they

soon discovered that it was filled with Indians : and their delight changed to terror, and they fled into the woods. Believing that the savages had murdered their father, and were now come to seek for them, they crouched under the bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridges.

“ The Indians, having kindled a fire, sat down around it, and began to cook their morning meal ; and the eldest child, as she peeped out from her hiding place, began to think that they had not killed their father. She reflected too, that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island, while on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians. The cries too of her brother and sister, who had been begging piteously for food, had pierced her heart, and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her ; —then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp fire. Fortunately the savages understood our language, and when the little girl had explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and conducted them to the nearest of our towns ;

where they were kept by some benevolent people, until their own relations claimed them."

"Oh, mamma," said Annette, "what good Indians they were to save the poor little children." "Yes my dear," said her mother, "there are few savages who would not be touched by the sight of such innocence in distress." "Indeed," said George, "I have often heard of savages, who have been kinder than many a white person." "True," said Mrs. Mowbray, "they are often kind and generous, and have learned a great many of their bad habits from those who pretend to know better."



## A MOTHER'S EVENING HYMN.

## I.

Oh, holy Father ! hear a mother's prayer,  
And take her darling treasure to thy care !  
Oh ! great and glorious ! from thy throne on high,  
Look on my child with thine all-blessing eye.

## II.

Oh, Holy Saviour ! mercifully see  
My little child—whom I devote to thee !  
And let thy meek and heavenly Spirit fill  
Her wayward heart, and mould it to Thy will.

## III.

Oh, Holy Spirit ! come from Heaven above,  
Thou last, best gift of all-redeeming love !  
Oh lighten, guide, instil each virtue mild,  
And shed thy influence on my sleeping child.

## IV.

Oh ! Great Almighty Godhead ! shelter still  
My precious innocent from ev'ry ill !  
On earth thy little handmaid may she be,  
And live each day as for eternity !

## POOR BESSY.

"Who was poor Bessy, mamma?" said little Annette Mowbray, as she sat one day on her little stool beside her mamma, hemming a silk handkerchief for her papa—"Who was poor Bessy, mamma? Was she a little girl?" "What makes you ask that question, my love?" said her mother. "Because, mamma, the other day I heard you say something to papa about 'Poor Bessy,' and I saw your eyes filled with tears." "Well, my dear child, when you see any one's eyes filled with tears in speaking on any subject, a little girl like you should be very cautious how you ask questions on that subject—because you may quite unintentionally give great pain by your inquisitiveness." "I am sorry I gave you any pain, my dear mamma; I will try to remember again, and not do the same thing," said Annette, blushing.

Her mamma bent down and kissed her little cheek.—"You gave me no pain, my dear child; but I wished to warn you, lest at any time you might do so to others, by indulging in an unamiable curiosity about what you hear said. "Poor Bessy, my dear Annette, was only a dog."

“A dog, mamma! and did you weep when you only named her?” “Yes, Annette, I wept, and am not ashamed to do so—for poor Bessy saved your life—but for her I would not now have had you, my darling, seated at my side.” “How, mamma, saved my life!—and how did I never hear of it?” Because you were too young to know what poor Bessy had done for you, or to remember it—and you have hitherto been so heedless, and so thoughtless, that I would not tell you till I saw it was likely to make a fitting impression on your mind.”

“But, dear mamma, I am trying to be more steady and more obedient now—am I not?” “Yes, my dear child, because you have been more earnest and anxious in your prayers to your heavenly Father, for His assistance in performing your little duties, and restraining your inclination to what is wrong and sinful. No one ever makes such a prayer to him in vain. Do you not feel this, my dear little Annette?” “Yes, mamma, I do feel it. I used to do things oftner from forgetfulness than from intention to be bad—and then I was sorry—but since I have prayed *in my very heart* to God for his blessing, I have not forgotten near so much—something, I don’t know what, just puts me in mind when I am going to be careless or bad.” Mrs. Mow-



bray clasped her little darling to her bosom with feelings which only a mother can know. Then putting her down, she said, "I will now, my love, tell you the story of poor Bessy."

"About seven years ago, when you were about a year old, your papa was having an addition built to this house, and when the joiners were at work, I often went into the new part of the house to see how they came on, and to give them directions." "What are joiners, mamma?" "Persons who do the wood-work of houses, such as the doors, window-sashes, floors, and all that. On these occasions I often observed, and sometimes patted the head of a large brown terrier dog, which I supposed belonged to some of the workmen. Once I had occasion to go in after they were gone for the night, and I found this dog nestling among some shavings in one of the rooms. I ordered it to rise and go home—it rose very reluctantly, and I spoke angrily to it, and bid it go home immediately—it walked slowly out of the room, and I followed with the light that I might see it really went down stairs, and not into any of the other rooms. It was the middle of winter—the night was dreadfully cold and stormy—the poor dog moved to the outer door, and there it stood still and look-

ed back at me, with such an imploring look, as if it had said, 'Oh take pity on me—don't turn me out to the storm—I have no house to go to!'

"I could not resist the look—I said to it kindly, 'poor thing—do you wish so much to stay—perhaps you will not be made very welcome at home, and you are doing no harm here—you may stay;' the poor animal seemed perfectly to understand me, for it looked up so gladly in my face, licked my hand, and instantly whisked away back to the shaving bed I had roused it from. Next day I said to the workmen that I wished they would not leave their dog when they went away at night.

" 'Our dog, ma'am!' they said, 'we thought it was your dog, it belongs to none of us.' "And where had it come from, mamma?" said Annette. "That we never found out, my love; but there it was, and it would not go away—it showed no wish to come into the house, but lay in the area or the green, and watched night and day like an old attached servant. The only dog you had ever seen was called Bess, and when you saw the poor stranger, you said always 'Beffy, Beffy,' and so it got the name you gave it. About a year after the time it first came about the house, I was one day going out to walk with you



Annette saved from the mad dog by poor Bessie.



and stopped outside the door to speak to the gardener; meanwhile, you let go my hand and trotted away down the lane, quite proud that mamma could not catch you. When I looked round, you had got eight or ten yards from me, and just at that moment I heard a great shouting and screaming of people; a very large fierce looking dog rushed round the corner, and made straight for you—my unconscious innocent!—and I heard the shouts of ‘a mad dog, a mad dog!’ Oh my child, my child, never till you are a mother can you conceive my feelings at that moment! I flew towards you—but oh, I was still three or four yards from you, and the infuriated animal was quite close, not as I thought a foot from you—and your destruction seemed certain, when poor Bessy, whom I had not before observed darted between you and the destroyer, and seized him by the throat—I caught you in my arms—and I remember nothing more till I found myself in your papa’s arms in the house.” “And Bessy, mamma?” “Ah, my love, poor, poor Bessy!—she died to save your life!” “How, mamma?” “Because, my dear love, dogs bitten by one which is mad always take the same dreadful distemper. Poor Bessy was sadly torn in the struggle of holding so large and strong a dog—and, do not ask any more, my love, poor Bessy died

that night!" Annette sobbed on her mother's bosom—when she could speak, she said, "Oh mamma, mamma, whenever I would be bad—remind me of poor Bessy—she was *but a dog*, and I am a human being—and yet I am not half so good as she. Oh mamma, mamma, I will never, never forget what I owe poor Bessy—how can I be grateful enough to her!" Mrs. Mowbray pressed the little girl closely to her bosom. "Yes, my love, be grateful to poor Bessy; never, never, forget what she did for you. But in remembering the gift,—oh my child, my child, forget not the giver. Never for one moment allow the dazzle of the event, in any case, to sweep out of your mind the grateful recollection of that Almighty Father who causes every event, and who so careth for us, and maketh all things work together for good unto those who love his name and keep his commandments,—who is 'about our path and about our bed,' who sees even our most secret thoughts afar off. That God 'in whom we live and move and have our being.' "



## THE FIRST LIE.

“*The first lie!*”—I hear some little girl or boy exclaim as they read the title of this tale—“What is *the first lie*? What does it mean, mamma?” Ah, my dear little readers! How happy are you, if you have never told your *first lie*! And how happy would I be, if I could save you from *ever* telling it! For oh, from what an endless and cruel succession of suffering, and sorrow, and sin, I would save you! Nobody can ever tell *one* lie, for though they may think, and poor little foolish children like you often *do* think, that they will never, never tell another, but just this *one*—yet, when *that one*, or *this one*, is told, they will find that two, or three, or four, or six, perhaps a dozen, are told to keep up the credit of the first—and so they end in being utterly wicked, and what always follows *that*, utterly unhappy and miserable. Listen very attentively to what I am going to tell you, and try to remember it whenever you feel yourself tempted to tell a lie.

Charles Annesley was just nine years old; he had a kind papa and mamma, who did all in their power to make him a good boy—they taught him to say his prayers, and

to know that the great and good Being to whom he prayed, watches over all his creatures, and never will forsake them while they remember Him, and try to please him by doing all that he has commanded us in the Bible : and that when tempted to do any wrong or wicked action, we should instantly turn our thoughts to Him—cry out in our own hearts—“ Oh Father in heaven, save me from wishing to do this bad thing”—and he will strengthen us to resist doing it. Until the time Charles went to a public school, he was indeed a very good little boy : he was gentle, obedient, and fearful of doing any thing he had been told was bad ; but when he went to school, he heard other boys—bad, wicked, ill brought-up boys, brag of doing wrong, and of being disobedient to their mammas,—at first he was very much frightened and shocked to hear their way of speaking, and did what his mamma had bid him, turned away and did not listen to their talk or make companions of them. By degrees however, he began to forget his mamma's orders—played with these boys, and though he did not do any thing so wrong as they did, he laughed at their bad words, and thought it *funny* when they boasted they wouldn't do what papa or mamma bid them. This was Charles' first fault, and it was a great one—it led to all the rest.

But there was in Charles' original character a great fault. He was very proud, and he could not bear to see other children have any thing which he had not. His papa was far from being rich, and could not give him money to throw away upon toys or trash of any kind : and Charles was so silly as to allow it to mortify him, when he heard the bad boys he now made his companions, boasting of what they had, and how much money they had spent on this or that folly. These boys soon observed that Charles was mortified, and with a wicked, unamiable feeling, they did all they could to increase it, and to irritate him by remarking that he never had any money or any fine play-things.

Now, little boys and girls, stop here, and consider what a terrible thing the first fault is—the first disobedience to papa or mamma, when you are out of their sight,—you never can tell how far astray it will lead you ! Had Charles, as his parents desired him, avoided the company of these boys altogether, he never would have had this bad passion of envy raised in his poor little heart :—or been led in the sad situation I am going to tell you about.

One day as he was running home from school, he saw, lying upon the road, a large red pocket-book with a steel

clasp—he lifted it, and tried to open it, but could not undo the clasp—so he set off running as fast as he could to show it to his mamma ; but as he run, he saw a gentleman walking before him, and he thought to himself, “perhaps this gentleman has dropped this pocket-book,”—so, putting the pocket-book out of sight under his jacket, he accosted the gentleman and asked if he had lost any thing ? The gentleman looked at him quite surprised, and said, “No, not that I know of ;” then suddenly putting his hand in his coat-pocket, he started, and said, “Indeed, but I have—I have lost my pocket-book.”—“Oh then,” said Charles, quite gladly, “I have found it, see, is not that it ?” “It is, and I assure you, my fine little fellow, you do not know what an escape I have had ; for had I lost that pocket-book or even wanted the valuable papers it contains, this afternoon,—I would have been a most miserable, nay, almost a ruined man.” Charles said he was very glad indeed he had found it,—and was just going to run away, when the gentleman took a guinea out of his pocket, saying, he was sorry he had no more loose money about him, begged him to take that, “and buy something pretty with it.”—Charles hesitated, for his father and mother had always told him that it was very mean to accept presents of money from

strangers, and had forbid him to do so—but the thoughts of being able to buy “*pretty things*” overcame his good feelings, and with a blushing face and a trembling hand he took the guinea. The gentleman asked his own and his papa’s name, and went away.

Now came the struggle in Charles’ mind—the good spirit in his heart urged him to go at once to his papa and mamma, and tell them what had happened; confess the fault he had committed in taking the guinea at all, and consult them how he should spend it;—but then the bad spirit tempted him with the thoughts of all the delights of being able to show off his riches, and his pretty things, to those who had sneered at him for his poverty: and at last the evil spirit overcame, and poor foolish Charles determined to conceal the guinea, and spend it secretly.

Had he, when he felt thus tempted to be bad, thrown himself on his knees, and begged of God to help him to do that which was right, he would have been helped, he would have been made strongly to remember that God *never* fails fearfully to punish sin; and that one sin always leads to another and another. Again, he would have been helped to remember, how impossible it was that a little boy like him could spend so much mo-

ney as a guinea, and it not be found out by his papa and mamma; and all the shame and disgrace and misery that would follow. But Charles did not pray; and none of these thoughts came into his head; nothing came into it but the poor, silly, wicked delight of being able to mortify his companions. He ran home, ate his dinner in the greatest hurry, and for the first time in his life he sought no kiss from his mamma when he went in; he did not even look in her face. As soon as he had swallowed his dinner, he jumped off his chair and rushed out of the house, without waiting for the kiss and the blessing, with which that affectionate mother always sent him out to school or to play. It was not that he forgot it. No; but something made him feel that he was not worthy to receive it. Wo to the little boy; aye, or to the grown man, who rushes on any action on which he feels he cannot ask his mother's blessing!

Charles ran at full speed to a toy-shop, at the door and windows of which he had often lingered, gazing in admiration at its many-coloured treasures. From amongst those he now selected so many, and in such evident haste and trepidation, that the man of the shop looked at him very much, and when he presented the gold guinea to pay



for all the trash he had picked out, he said,—“Pray, little master, how did such a little fellow as you come by so much money as this?” Charles’ face grew quite scarlet. What was easier than to say, “a gentleman gave it me for finding his pocket-book?” But no; when once people have given themselves up to the bad spirit, it is most extraordinary how *foolish* are the things they do. He stammered and said, “I found it.” “You *found* it, my dear,” said the man; “then do you not know that it is not yours to spend; it belongs to the person who has lost it, and you should try to find out who they are. I do not like to sell you anything for money which is not honestly your own.” “I think,” said Charles, bursting with fury, “that you are a very impertinent man; what is your business to speak that way to me?” and snatching up the guinea, he darted out of the shop, and ran to another, where the people gave him what he asked for, and changed the guinea, without asking any questions; but as these people were not honest like the other man, they cheated him, because they saw he was a little silly boy, who knew nothing about money or its value; and Charles was quite astonished to find how few things he had, and how little remained of his guinea, which he had supposed quite an inexhaustible sum; that

he might buy, and buy, and buy with, before it could be done. He felt that the people were cheating him, but he did not know what to do. He was frightened to say any thing, lest they too should ask where he got the guinea.

Angry, discontented, and unhappy, he lifted up his purchases to come away, when a new difficulty came into his mind. If he met his papa, or mamma, or any of the servants, when he was going along loaded with these things, what would he say? After thinking a little, he said to the people, that he would leave some of his things, and call for them again. So, stuffing the balls, and the top, and the spinning jack into his pockets, and taking the battledore and shuttlecock in his hand, he walked away. When he came opposite to the town clock, he looked up, and saw, with a dreadful start, that it was only ten minutes from five. The school had been in nearly an hour. He had never in his life played truant—his parents had ever warned him against it as a great sin—he felt, that having done so that afternoon, exposed him almost to certain detection about the guinea. A feeling of perfect wretchedness, such as he had never, never, before felt, rushed through his heart—he burst into tears; and as he hung despairingly by the rails of the house he was pass-

ing, he wished he had never seen the guinea. "What shall I do?" said he to himself; "Shall I go home and tell mamma all about it? But there was terror in the thought of all the displeasure she and his papa would feel, the punishment they would inflict—and then the loss of their good opinion! Ah, poor little Charles!—Had he even then prayed, his heavenly Father would have made him feel how much better and easier it would have been to bear that, than to go on plunging from sin to sin, and lie to lie. But he did not pray.

As he stood, not knowing what to do, his papa came round the corner of the street. He was talking to another gentleman, and did not see Charles, but his terror knew no bounds. He flew down a little lane, and ran, and ran, like a guilty thing as he was, till he got into a broad street, where he had never been before—and there he stopped, like to drop down with fear and fatigue. As he slowly walked along, frightened at having lost his way, but relieved that he had escaped from his papa, whom, at other times, he used to run to meet, he saw a pastry-cook's shop, with many nice things, and such a nice smell coming out of it. He remembered the remains of the guinea that was in his pocket, and going in, he asked for a tart. It was

given to him, and he took out his shillings and paid for it. The woman of the shop seeing he had so much money, said to him, "I think you seem very hot and tired, master; you had better sit down on this sofa, and eat your tart." Charles was very glad of the offer; and while he was eating the tart, she kept recommending this nice thing, and that nice thing, and then almost forced him to eat a quantity of different things—while she praised his beauty, and said she was sure his papa must be some great gentleman, he was such a *very* pretty little boy.

Meanwhile, some very riotous young men came into the shop and began to eat fruit, and drink liquors. One of them looked at Charles several times, and then said, "Well, my little hearty, you seem to *eat* plenty; let's see if you can drink any!" and he offered Charles a glass of liquor. He refused it, but the wicked young man insisted, and Charles put it to his lips; it was very sweet, and pleasant tasted, so he continued to sip at it till he had drunk more than half the glass-full. The young man looked on and laughed, and said to his companions, "It's good fun to see a little chap like that drunk." At hearing this, Charles jumped off the sofa, and ran out of the shop; but the woman pursued him, and told him he must pay for

what he had ate ; and of seven shillings which he had in his pocket, she said he owed her six, which she took from him. Charles cried bitterly, and said it could not be so much, but she said he was a mean little rascal to want to cheat her, and to go about his business ; and so saying, she gave him a push from her, and went back into her shop. Charles wandered down the street, crying : he met a lady, who looked very compassionately at him, and asked him why he cried ? he was ashamed to tell the whole reason, so he answered that he had lost his way. She asked where he wanted to go. He hesitated, and then said to the play-ground of Mr. Watt's school. The lady told him to dry his tears and she would take him there, so kindly turned with him, and soon led him to the entrance of the play-ground.

The school was some time out, and Charles was soon surrounded by the boys—particularly the bad ones, who, unlike good boys, had not gone home to tea. He exhibited his battledore and shuttlecock, his balls, his tops, and his spinning jack, and boasted how many fine things he had besides these, and how much money he had spent. The boys looked and wondered, but being bad boys, instead of feeling pleased that a companion had got any nice

thing, they were angry and spiteful. "And who," said one of the oldest of them, "who gave you all the money? Did you steal it?" Charles was irritated into a rage by their impertinence, and wishing to appear as great as possible, he answered, "Steal it, indeed!—you impertinent monkey—my papa gave me a whole guinea for being a good boy." "My papa gave me a whole guinea for being a good boy, and *playing the truant*," repeated the boy, mimicking Charles, and all the rest burst into fits of laughing and repeated the words, at the same time twitching Charles by the sleeves and skirts of his jacket. He was spe<sup>en</sup> with fury; for, besides all the feelings of shame, disgr<sup>hem lo</sup>ilt, and rage, that filled his poor little heart, the into<sup>my</sup> liquor he had drank was now in his head, and he sca<sup>drin</sup>knew what he did. He flew at the boys; boxed one, scratched another, kicked at a third; they shouted and laughed, and returned his blows. Bad boys are always cowards; so instead of fighting it out one to one, they all attacked him, threw him down, and beat him cruelly; the big boy who first provoked him, ran away with his fine battledoor and shuttlecock, another seized his spinning jack and another his ball. Dirtied, hurt, and enraged, Charles sprung from the ground, to rescue the



The boys in the playground robbing Charles of his play money.





playthings for which he had sacrificed so much, and darted upon the thief of his spinning jack; but he being a much bigger, stronger boy, and besides that, not having drank any *noyau* that afternoon, with one unmerciful blow drove poor Charles once more to the ground—his face struck a large stone, the blood burst from his nose and mouth; he fainted with the agony, and immediately they all ran off and left him.

A gentleman who had a son in that school, was passing at that moment, and partly saw the battle: observing that Charles did not move, he humanely went into the playground, and raised him. He could scarcely believe that the bloody, bruised, dirty child, was Charles Annersly; but he took him in his arms, and carried him home to his father's house, which was at no great distance.

My dear little readers, how little can you understand, or even guess at the sorrow of a mother, or a father, when they see their child brought home in such a state!—you may believe me, you will never know a sorrow so great till you are yourselves fathers and mothers. Charles had come to himself before they reached his father's door,—and how very dreadful were his feelings!—Streaming with blood, his body hurt and bruised by the cruel boys

for the sake of whose expected admiration, applause or envy, he had committed so many sins, told so many lies; here he was going home, wretched and terrified, to his papa and mamma.

Oh, was all a guinea could buy, worth such misery as he endured? And what had it bought for him? Nothing but sorrow, disappointment, anger, a sick and oppressed stomach, a bad headach, a cruel beating, and a sore heart; and such like are ever and ever, my dear children, the consequences of sin, either in childhood or manhood. The punishment may not always follow so *quickly* as it did to Charles; *but it always comes some time*. If not on earth, how much more awful to think it will come after we die, *in the endless ages of eternity*.

Soon after Charles was carried home, he began to vomit most violently, and his poor mamma was puzzled to imagine when or where he had eaten such a quantity of stuff; but to all her inquiries he only answered with sobs and tears, so she thought it best to give over questioning him for that night. Poor Charles, when left alone, shed many bitter tears; and thought he had been punished enough for his cunning and duplicity about the guinea; but alas! his punishment was only begun. In the morning a man

called upon his father, and said, he was sent by a magistrate, to mention that his son Charles was accused of having stolen a gold guinea from a lady in a shop; and that it was distinctly proved that he had spent it in a toy-shop, and in a pastry cook's, where he was seen eating, and drinking noyau.

Mr. Annesley exclaimed that it was utterly impossible that his boy could be so wicked, whoever had said so, had told a base falsehood! The man replied, that the very reason the magistrate had sent him was to let Mr. Annesley know that the circumstances were so distinctly proved against his son, that it would be better for him to pay the guinea at once, than have the boy any farther affronted, or perhaps publicly punished. He said the lady had gone into a shop to buy something, and laid down her handkerchief, and her purse with one gold guinea in it, on the counter, while she looked at some goods, and when she turned round again, they were both away, no one could tell how, but some one must have slipped in at the door, and snatched them up.

About an hour after this, Charles had gone to a toy shop and endeavoured to change a gold guinea, which he said he had found; and when the man of the shop told him it was

wrong to spend it, he got into a great rage, and snatched up the guinea, and the man saw he ran down the street into another toy-shop, where it was found he spent fourteen shillings : From that he went to a confectioner's, where he spent six shillings in eating and drinking ; from that he went to the play-ground, where he told he had got a guinea from his papa, for being a good boy ; quarrelled with some of his companions for saying he had played the truant, and got beat by them. Mr. Annesley felt as if his very heart would break ; he turned away without saying a word to the man, except to tell the magistrate he would call upon him in about an hour, and going up to Charles' room, he sat down by his bed-side. He would scarce have known him for his own boy,—his eyes and nose were blue, and his cheeks scratched, and swelled with crying, and there was a great blue bump upon his brow ; conscious of guilt he did not dare to look his father in the face—" Charles," said he, in a stern voice, " tell me, and as you value your life, tell me the truth, did you steal a guinea last night ? Oh, have I lived to ask my own child if he is a *thief* !" Charles could not speak for a moment, he was so stunned ; he wished that the earth could open and hide him forever.

His father repeated the question in even a more dread-



ful voice.—“ Oh, no, no, papa, I did *not* steal it ; indeed, indeed, I did not.” “ Where, then, unhappy boy, did you get it ?” said his father. “ I got it from a gentleman for finding his pocket-book ” said Charles, sobbing as if his heart would break.

“ You got it from a gentleman for finding his pocket-book !” repeated his father ; “ to one you have told that you *found* it, to another that *I gave it to you*, and here is a third story ; which of them, most wretched, *wicked* child, is the truth, or are they all falsehoods together ?” Charles started out of bed, and throwing himself on the floor before his father, almost choaked with sobs and cries he exclaimed, “ Oh my papa, my papa, I have been a *very* wicked boy ; I did, I know I did, tell these two lies ; but indeed, indeed, papa, I am telling the truth now ; I got the guinea from a gentleman I never saw before, for picking up his book on the road.”—“ And you spent it upon toys, and sweatmeats, and upon noyau to make yourself drunk ? Oh, what a very dreadful child you are !” and his father hid his face in his hands and groaned. “ Oh papa, I bought toys and sweatmeats, but I did not buy that stuff, it was a young man that gave it me in the confectioner’s shop.” “ Well, Charles, you have brought yourself, and your pa-

rents, into a situation of shame and disgrace, from which they never can recover. You are accused of stealing that guinea from the counter of a shop, and but for the respect which Mr. Innes the magistrate has for your father and mother, you would this morning have been carried to the common prison, and perhaps tried for your life." "But, papa, I will go to Mr. Innes, and tell him, I got it from that gentleman ——." "You will tell, and who will believe a liar? I feel that I cannot believe you, and if your own father feels that, what must strangers? No, Charles, your character is ruined for life, never more need you hope to be believed or trusted, *even when you tell the truth:*"—as he said this, he slowly left the room, and went away to the magistrate's house. He felt that he had not one word to say in defence of his unhappy little boy, so he silently paid the guinea, and returned home; ashamed as he walked along the street, to look any one in the face; for he thought to himself, "I am the father of a liar and a thief."

He found Charles back into his bed, and his mother sitting by him weeping bitterly. He sat down beside her, and no longer able to bear the agony of his feelings, he sobbed and wept also. My dear children, what do you think were Charles' thoughts and feelings then? Had they beaten

him almost to death, he would not have felt half so bitterly as he did, to see his father and mother in such deep distress ; all caused by his wickedness. How very poor, how pitiful, did all a guinea could procure—all he had even *hoped* to procure for it, now appear to him in comparison with the sufferings it had caused ! Ah, my children, pray to God that he would help you to think of that *before*, instead of *after* you have sinned.

Charles wept without intermission, and towards the afternoon he appeared so very ill, and had such a dreadful headach, that his mamma sent for a doctor. He told her that Charles was taking a fever ; and so he was. For many weeks his life was in great danger. No one thought he could live—and what he suffered during these weeks ! the pain in his head, and in his breast, and in his limbs was so great that it made him scream out constantly. His beautiful curly hair was all shaved off, and a blister put upon his head ; another blister was put upon his breast. He was bled at both arms, and many leeches were put on different parts of his body ; he had to take bitter medicines, and endure more things than I can make you understand.

A thousand times he would have wished to die, but when

that wish rose in his mind, it was always followed by the thought of his sins, and the recollection of the dreadful words in the Bible, "*Every liar shall have his portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;*" and then he would shriek aloud, and pray to God to spare his life that he might try and be a good boy. His dear and tender mother hung over him night and day, holding him in her arms, and shedding tears for his sufferings. At last he began very slowly to recover, but was so weak that he could not feed himself, or raise himself in bed. He was no more the little happy merry boy he used to be; sad and melancholy, he lay without ever speaking; thinking constantly about the guinea and all it had brought upon him.

One day his mamma was sitting by him, and she spoke to him on the subject, and begged he would now tell her the exact truth. Charles burst into tears, and repeated exactly all that had happened,—adding, "whoever stole the guinea, mamma, it was not me; Oh no, I was bad, bad, but I did not do that."

His mother sighed deeply, and said she believed he was telling the truth now; but no other body would believe that; and he must, through all his after life, bear the dreadful name of *thief*, unless it should please God to justify

him from the false charge brought against him. A charge, she pointed out to him, that never could have been made against him, had he not first made himself a liar. She told him to pray constantly to God that he would be so merciful as to save him from ever telling another lie, and be pleased to send some way of showing to the world he was not a thief also,—and this, poor Charles did with all the earnestness of a broken and contrite heart.

About two months after this, one day when they were sitting at breakfast, a very neat little parcel was brought in, addressed to Mr. Annesley. It had come by the coach from London, and Charles felt very curious to know what was in it. He thought papa very slow at undoing the strings, and that he would have done it much quicker,—at length the last paper was unrolled,—a little neat box appeared, and a letter for his papa. The box was opened, and in it lay a most beautiful little gold watch! his papa read the letter aloud,—it was thus:—

“SIR,—About three months ago, as I was walking along the public road, near your house, I dropped a very valuable pocket-book, which was picked up, and instantly restored to me by your little son. At the time, having no more loose money by me than would pay my expenses to

London, I could only present him with the trifling reward of a guinea. Had I lost that pocket-book, I must have been ruined; and I therefore beg you will present to the little fellow who saved me from such a misfortune, the watch which accompanies this, with my very best and kindest good wishes. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

F. WALSINGHAM."

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Charles throwing his arms round his papa's neck, "You see I was not a thief. Oh! God has heard my prayers,—every body will know now that I was not a thief." "Most grateful am I to God for showing that, my poor boy," said his father "and also for checking you so severely at your outset in sin; but, Charles, can you accept of that watch?" His father turned round the back of it to him, and showed him his own name beautifully engraved on it, and the words—"The reward of truth and honesty.—1st July 1832."

Charles' face grew crimson, and then pale.—He struggled with himself for a moment or two, and then bursting into tears, he said,—“No, papa, the watch cannot be mine,—I was that day neither honest nor true,—send it back to Mr. Walsingham, and tell him so,—tell him all my shame;”





Charles shows his own nature to the ladies of the world.



and he sobbed as if his heart would break. His father and mother folded him in their arms, and said to him, that never did they hope to love him so well again as they did at that moment,—for they felt that he then was *truly good*, and could acknowledge his sin without seeking a disguise for it. Charles often afterwards said, it was strange, he bitterly regretted giving up the beautiful watch, he would have been so proud to wear; and yet, perhaps, it was the happiest moment of his life, when he was folded in the fond embrace of a father and a mother, pleased and delighted with him, because he had strength of mind to give it up, when he felt he did not deserve it.

A few weeks after this, Mrs. Annesley told Charles she wished him to go with her to a watch-maker's shop, where she was going to leave her watch to be repaired. Charles hated to go out to the streets, for he thought every body looked at him and said, "there goes the little thief:" however he obeyed his mamma, and went to the shop with her. While the man was looking at his mamma's watch, a lady and a little girl about his own age came in. When the lady saw the master of the shop was engaged, she stood still, without asking for what she wanted; and the little girl began to look at the pretty things in the glass-cases on

the counter,—all at once she cried out,—“Mamma there is your purse that was stolen,—look, mamma !” “Hush my dear,” said her mamma, “one purse may be like another.” “No, mamma, indeed, but it *is* your purse; for there is the very stitch of yellow silk with which I mended it, when little James let it fall and broke one of the gold links; look, mamma !” The lady looked, and turning to the master of the shop, she said, “may I ask where you bought that purse, sir, for it is certainly very like one I lost about three months ago;” the man looked very troubled and said,—“I do not think it can be yours,—I bought it from a very honest woman.” “Well,” said the lady, “it will be easily known if it is my purse, for, if it is so, the gold studs that at present seem quite confused, will when drawn in a particular way, form the initials of my name, M. H. M.” The man took out the purse, the lady drew it and the letters, M. H. M. appeared. “It *is* your purse, mamma,” cried the little girl, “I am so glad.” “Sir,” said the lady, turning to the master of the shop, “do you know from whom you bought this purse?” “Yes, ma’am,” said the man. “Then,” said the lady, “you will please to attend at the house of Mr. Innes the magistrate, this afternoon, along with the person.” “Oh, ma’am,” said the man, “you are quite

welcome to take the purse, since you have proved it yours.” “No,” replied the lady, “that will not do. A little boy, the son of respectable parents, was unjustly accused, and as I thought, convicted of stealing this purse; and if he was innocent, it is my duty to prove that, and have him restored to the good opinion he lost.” Charles, who had listened to all this in breathless anxiety, could stand it no longer; he burst into a fit of sobbing, and darting forward to the lady, cried out, “Indeed, indeed, I *was* quite innocent,—I never saw that purse before,—mamma will tell you, I *didn't* steal your guinea.” The surprise of the lady may be imagined; but Mrs. Annesley spoke to her, and explained the circumstances, and when the lady understood that Charles was the little boy so unjustly accused of stealing her purse, she felt more than ever resolved to find out who did it. So she desired the shopman to give her the name of the woman immediately, and she sent a proper person to bring her instantly to the magistrate's; when this wicked woman found that she was discovered, she thought it best to confess that she was in the shop buying something the night the lady came in, and laid down her handkerchief and purse; so she just whipped them into her lap, and walked away with them; and as she was sup-

posed to be quite an honest woman, the people of the shop never suspected her when the purse was missed.

Oh ! how great was the joy of Charles at being thus justified ! How great his gratitude to God who had thus heard his prayers ! How deeply did he feel that God hears and answers *every prayer*, even of the littlest child, *if it comes from the heart*. Yes, he felt this, and he never forgot it.

A few days after this, another letter came from Mr. Walsingham, returning the watch, and saying, that “since Charles had the honesty to confess how guilty he had been, he deserved to wear the watch,—to put it in his pocket ; and if ever he felt again tempted to sin as he had done, to pull it out, *and think of the 1st of July 1832.*”

His father and mother folded him to their bosom, and bade God bless and guide him.

My dear little readers, Charles Annesley's *first lie* was also his *last*. May our heavenly Father bless all of you, and preserve you from either committing such sins, or enduring such punishments.



## MY OWN INFANCY.

WHEN I was only six years old, I lost my beautiful mother, she on whose bosom I used to rest my young head, who taught me my first prayer, and wiped away all my childish tears !

One night my father carried me in his arms into my mother's room. As he placed me on her bed, his hands shook and his breast heaved violently,—the apartment was very dark—the attendants moved about with noiseless steps—I observed several grave strangers present, and every face upon which I looked seemed sad—I felt afraid, crept still closer to my mother,—my mother ! oh how pale she was ! I thought I had never seen her so pale, nor her eyes so large and so bright. She called me her child, her little Jane, she raised the curls from my brow, and kissed it fondly. Her kiss was cold ; her very breath upon my cheek chilled it, and her voice as she blessed me, was fainter and sweeter than any voice I have heard since. I remember as in a dream, one of the strangers approaching, and then a confusion of many persons rushing forward with lights to where I lay by my mother's side, of being

snatched up hastily, of my mother's fingers being entwined with my hair, and as I was hurried away, of seeing my poor father falling to the ground.

Next morning they told me that my mother was dead,—I knew not what was meant, but when it was said I should never *see* her again, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, I implored those about me to pity me ; I pled and promised, I prayed them to forgive my little offences, and with many assurances that I would be *good*, that I would love them all, entreated to be taken to my mother. No one regarded me ; I was utterly desolate and alone.

In the dusk I slipt to my mother's chamber, I knocked softly, there was no answer ! I knelt down on the stone floor and listened breathlessly, *there were no voices within*, only the wind whistling mournfully.

My father left me, the old servants were dismissed, and the pretty cheerful rooms shut up which my mother once inhabited, the sunny parlour, adorned with her own embroidery and drawings, where her harp stood, where I used to sit at her feet and listen to her songs, where I met her welcome every morning, and received her kiss and blessing

every night, was now a deserted place !—I saw rude hands laid on her books, and on the curious ivory work-box which I had learned to value for the sake of the dead uncle by whom it was sent from a distant land; her favourite geraniums were neglected and drooped, Oh how I longed to attend and water them, their every leaf was dear to me ! even the poor canary bird that chanted so gaily at my mother's bidding, hung its wings and piped sadly, its little wants were unheeded, and none cared for its music :—wherever I looked, the comfort, the sweetness, the order which surrounded my mother's presence had disappeared, her blessed voice, her step, her beautiful form were gone ! The long passages echoed strangely as I stole through them, the house seemed cold and dark and still, and when wearied with wandering from one silent apartment to another, I returned to lay my head upon her vacant seat, I felt I was alone in the world ! No protecting arms were about me, no cheering words, no smile awaited me, I was a forsaken and forlorn child.

Of all those by death bereaved, the *most* helpless, the saddest, is the little timid, motherless girl, who, once the object of unceasing love and thought, suddenly finds herself cast from the gentle breast where she was accustomed

to have all her fears and sorrows hushed, upon the care of strangers, and who as in my case, mourns in solitude her changed lot, unnoticed and uncomforted.

Children on whom the blessing of affectionate parents or kind attendants is bestowed, praise the Giver of all good ! and *while your friends are yet spared to you*, honour, obey, and gratefully love them.

My sweet mother's prayer when she first hung over my cradle, was also the latest she breathed in that hour in which her arms clasped me in death. Her own life was a preparation for heaven, and that her little daughter might meet her there, was the desire of her heart, after which she daily supplicated and daily endeavoured ; but *I*, as with folded hands I knelt before her, looked to no heaven beyond *her* countenance bending towards me ; all I knew of holy things I knew only in her ; I cared for no joy but that of being near her, for no love but hers ! God drew me to Himself ! and although the means were grievous, I believe that she who then stood an angel in His presence, rejoiced and praised the grace which smote to save me !

It is only a portion of my early history which this little

volume will admit; a very few of its events may interest and perhaps benefit my young readers.

Nurse Jeffries was a tall, dark, handsome woman. My infancy is now a half forgotten story, but even at this distant period of time, I can clearly recal the glance of her bright black eyes, and the rapidly and softly uttered assurances with which she replied, to my agitated father's earnest entreaties, as he bade me adieu, and placing my trembling hands in hers, implored of her to guard and cherish me during his absence. My attendant was false to her promises ! It was in vain that by various arts I sought to win her love. I sung to her my best song, exhibited before her all my small possessions, and made her a sharer in my store of sweetmeats. My first efforts were repulsed, and my fearful spirit shrank from any further familiarity. Every day she grew more negligent and more unkind; my humble offerings were rejected, and once with expressions so peculiarly contemptuous, that I looked up into Nurse Jeffries' face ; there was a frown on her brow, and she rebuked me harshly. My affection I perceived had become as valueless as my gifts, and to the full sense of my loss and my loneliness I at length awoke ! I crept away, and

sought in the garden a shaded place where I might mourn and weep unseen. I remember it was a summer evening, that the branches of a perfumed shrub hung over me, that the grass plot upon which I lay was tufted with primroses, that bees hummed about me, that the birds sung sweetly, and that opposite, the sun was setting. I looked and listened, and gradually my tears ceased. I gazed upon the wide glorious sky with a feeling of awe. I had heard that the spirits of the good are carried up to heaven, and I believed that beyond the golden clouds my mother dwelt ! I pictured to myself the home of the blessed, and endeavoured to recal all I had been told concerning it, until I longed for that hour when I should no more grieve nor weep, but should be borne by angels into my heavenly Father's bosom. I began to repeat the hymns my mother taught me, and to ponder over many of her lessons, the meaning of which for the first time opened on me. "There is a great Being," she used to say, "by whom all things were made, who created you, the stars, the sun, the earth, the little meadow flowers, and these shining insects fluttering in the light ; he is every where present ; his eye is on you continually ; he hears your lowest whisper ; whatever you think, or say, or do, is known to him."



I thought with wonder, that while hid beneath the lilach boughs God saw me, that he heard my cries, and that even the most secret sorrows of my little broken heart were not concealed from him.

I had further learned from my mother, that God is both great and *tenderly compassionate*; that his love surpasses the love of a parent, and that when in pity to sinful men he dwelt in this cold world, he took playful infants in his arms, that he blessed them, and that he said to those who rebuked their approach, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Had he been here, I exclaimed, he would have received and sheltered *me*. And is he *not* here? his own Spirit whispered in my soul; is he not around you at every moment? is he not kind and gracious "yesterday, to-day and for ever?" Many things of later date have faded from my memory, but my recollections of *this* evening will, I believe, accompany me to another world. I never was alone again; I never again felt forsaken; and although the chastisements were severe with which it was seen fit to afflict my early years, under every trial, the sense of God's presence, of his boundless love and watchful care, sustained me.

From being indifferent to my comfort, and repulsive in

her manner, Nurse Jeffries became harsh and tyrannical. A variety of unlucky circumstances contributed to sour and vex her, and to draw on me the peculiar weight of her displeasure ; while her temper naturally irritable and discontented, was rendered doubly so, by the retired life she found herself obliged to lead in our sad mansion, and by a hopeless warfare carried on with the prejudices of a severe old lady, who for sometime held the place of housekeeper, and whose difference of taste disappointed every attempt of her gay associate to enliven their solitude by introducing visiters and parties of pleasure. On one occasion however, repeated solicitations prevailed, and Nurse Jeffries obtained permission to spend an evening with her friends in the village. She was overjoyed,—commenced her toilet immediately, and bestowed on me a rare smile, as with childish earnestness I expressed my admiration of the pretty shining hair she so carefully arranged at the looking-glass. Fleeting were Nurse Jeffries' smiles, short-lived my time of favour. She quitted the room for a moment ; I stood over the showy dress in which she intended to appear, eating my supper of bread and milk ; a sudden noise startled me ; the little poringer slid from my hands, and the delicate green silk was deluged. I was panic-struck ;



The milk spilt on Nurse Jeffrey's gown.



evening light was shining on the dark damask curtains of my mother's bed ; I traced in the dusk the sofa on which she used to recline, the table at which she sat at work, and most of the objects to which I was familiar ; but the furniture was arranged in formal order, and the apartment had a strange and solemn appearance—*there*, however, it was I had been happy—there I had been loved and watched over, and no gloomy apprehensions occurred to me ! I opened the large Bible from which I received my earliest lessons ; flower leaves, placed by my own hand at my mother's desire, still marked those passages best suited to my tender years ; I read them with feelings of new and sweet interest ; and when the shades of night gathered so thickly about me that I could no longer follow the letters of the sacred volume, I dropt on my knees, and entered into communion with God. By degrees the effects of agitation and fatigue overcame me ; my head gently descended on my folded arms, the past and present disappeared, and I fell fast asleep. Bright and prosperous days have since been granted me, but never have I gone to rest, even when kind friends guarded my slumbers, with a more blissfully calm and thankful heart.

When I awoke it was day, and nurse Jeffries standing

over me—she regarded me with an expression of very unusual concern, lifted me from the ground, hoping I might not have caught cold by my exposure to the air of an uninhabited room, led me gently to the nursery, and continued to address me in much milder accents than those to which I was accustomed ; throughout the day she avoided every act of violence, and at times treated me with indulgence, and an appearance of affection. With the unsuspecting trust of infancy, I believed she was sorry for having beat me, that she would no longer neglect me, that I should now be beloved, and all the soft and ready affections of my nature flowed out towards her gratefully.

At night she took me on her knee, and commenced to dandle and fondle me with so much vivacity, to lavish on me such a torrent of endearing language, to talk so loudly and so quickly, and to tell me so many frightful and ridiculous tales, that I shrank from her merriment, and would fain have escaped from her caresses. Finding her in so pleasant a mood, and desirous to change the discourse from the frolics of ghosts and goblins to more soothing themes, with a blushing cheek and a low whisper I begged permission to read some of *my* stories—it was granted. I seated myself on a little stool, and with considerable satisfaction



and gravity commenced a favourite portion of the scripture. I had not proceeded far, however, before I was interrupted by a most disrespectful yawn, and a hasty interrogation if I would be a good girl and do as I was desired.

My young readers, when the world grows dark about you, when you are oppressed, and all things seem to frown on you, still look to God, and he will not abandon you, either under the wrath of your fellow-creatures, or to the power of your invisible enemies.

My wicked attendant had laid a snare for my soul, in a system of deception, by which she hoped to elude the vigilance of her superior; and to be enabled to pass the evenings as she chose, *she sought to make me an accomplice!* with smooth words, bribes and entreaties, she lay in wait to entrap me. Finding these fail a different method was resorted to, and the heaviest punishments inflicted—it was an hour of dismay and of sore temptation! I was a feeble child, and frequently my spirit was about to sink; but again and again I cried to the Lord to deliver me, and every prayer procured me new strength and a deeper abhorrence of sin. When my delicate frame could endure no more, and my persecutor herself grew weary, she ceased to beat me, threw me into a dark closet and turned the key.

The wild histories to which I had just been listening, disturbed my fancy, and even nurse Jeffries' threats, her alarming gestures, and her severest chastisements seemed preferable to the crowd of terrifying images which haunted me in the deep silence of my present situation. I wrung my hands, and wept bitterly. A sweet promise from the word of God occurred to me, and like dew of heaven falling on a drooping plant, in some degree restored my mind to peace. I strove against my fears, and began to sing a little hymn; my first notes were low and tremulous; as I advanced they became clear and fuller, and the concluding verse I chaunted so powerfully, that it caught nurse Jeffries' ear. She hurried to the spot, and through the closed door whispered anew her proposa's—I calmly rejected them, *and I never heard her voice again!*

My repose was broken; a fresh breeze and the morning sun streamed into my prison. I opened my eyes, and beheld *my mother's form bending over me*. I fainted.—When awakened to consciousness, a murmur of unknown sounds was about me; several mild faces regarded me earnestly, and words of the most soothing encouragement were breathed in my ear. I was told, in tones familiar to

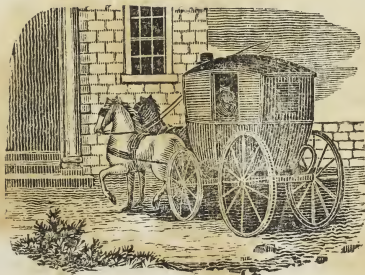




"It was my aunt Mary."

my heart, of one who loved me, who had crossed wide seas to embrace me, who was now by my side, and with whom I should always dwell. I turned towards the gentle speaker; again the same soft searching eyes met mine; there were the bright ringlets, the fair brow, the smile—

It was my Aunt Mary.



## THE FROSTY DAY.

"Are you very cold, mamma?"

"No, my love, not at all. My nose is a little cold, and my toes, but the rest of me is quite warm. And are you warm, my darling?"

"No, mamma. I think it is very very cold."

"Dear me! I'm sorry for that. Come let us run a little, and that will make you warm; for I am sure you are well covered up, and every thing comfortable about you."

"Yes, mamma, and that is what makes me wonder; for we are meeting many little girls who have on no bonnets, or tippets, or cloaks, playing and sliding on the ice, quite happy. And I saw both a boy and a girl with bare feet, and they were playing on the ice quite happy, mamma; their little *pink* feet and toes, oh, mamma, just like pigeons' toes. How *can* they do that, mamma?"

"They are accustomed to go out in the cold, my dear, and they don't feel it. When I was a little girl, like you, I used to be quite happy, too, when I could make my escape, and go whisking out among the new-fallen snow. I thought



it delightful fun to fly about and run races with Oscar, my dear little doggie."

"Oh, mamma, were you not sadly, sadly cold?"

"Oh no, not at all cold. I was quite merry, and very unwilling to let myself be caught and brought into the house again."

"I would not like to do it, I think mamma."

"I think you would not, my love; but I was allowed to run about in the cold, and it made me hardy and strong, and I did not catch cold as you do."

"Mamma, does cold ever make people die?"

"Oh yes, my dear lamb; many people have died of cold! have been frozen to death, my darling!"

"How is that, mamma? Should'nt they go into a house?"

"Ah, my little dear, how little you know! When people among the hills, those great white snowy hills yonder, and many such hills in this country—are out looking after their sheep and lambs, they are often long exposed to the frosty wind: and when the snow is so thick that they can't walk quick to keep themselves warm, those poor shepherds are often frozen among the hills, where there are no houses,

no, not one. And many sheep, in spite of their thick wool, are frozen too, and many starved for want of food !”

“ Mamma, I’m sorry, sorry ! I would like to give them *all* meat, and make them *all* warm mamma.”

“ I know that, my love.”

“ Is it colder on the high hills than the little hills, mamma ?”

“ Oh yes, much colder. You see it is always the tops of Ben Lomond and those other great mountains that first appear white, because, high up in the air, it is very cold ; and what is only dew and rain here and on the little hills, is hoarfrost and snow on the high mountains : and when people are obliged to travel in winter over hilly parts of this country, when it begins to snow they are in great danger.”

“ Would the snow get into their coaches, mamma ?”

Ah, my little lamb ! no coaches can go in such places ! Look up to that hill, there, my dearest, *that* is but a poor little hill, and you see people scrambling about on it, and many cows ; but you see, *even on it* no coach could go up or down. And among the hills in that part of this country which is called the Highlands, the people are very hardy,

and go about on their feet, but it often happens that these hardy strong people are frozen till they die."

"Ah mamma! that is terrible, terrible! And what would become of babies and little children in that sad cold place, mamma?" "Ay, my little love, what would become of them, indeed, if their papas and mammas did not try to keep them at home! But poor people who have no servants, are sometimes obliged to send their children on errands in cold, cold weather. When I was a little girl like you, I heard of a poor woman who wanted medicine for a sick baby, and her daughter said 'I will go for it mammy:' and her mother said 'She did not like to let her cross the hill alone:' and her little brother said 'I will go with Meggy.' So their mother kissed them, and said they were good children, and she wrapped them well up, and put a hood on the girl's head, and a warm plaid round her, and also covered the little boy well, and gave them some bread and they went away quite merry. But when they were coming back, the wind was in their faces, and they were cold, cold, and their little hands grew stiff. And on the top of the hill it began to snow, and it blew in their faces, and they could not see to go the right way. And the poor little boy began to cry, and his sister tried to comfort him,

and took off her hood and put it on his head, and wrapped him in her own plaid."

"Ah, mamma!—that's what I would have done!"

Indeed, I am sure it is, my blessed child!—She took hold of his hand and pulled him to make him run; but his poor leggies were quite stiff and powerless, and he could'nt go. And she tried to carry him, though she was always holding the medicine fast in her little frozen hand; and when she was wearied, wearied, she let him down and bid him try to walk,—and he tried, but his feet wouldn't move, and he fell down on the snowy ground.—And then his poor good sister took off her petticoat and wrapped it about him—and she took off all her clothes but her shift, and put them all about her starving brother, and took him in her arms, and lay down over him, and held him tight, and laid her face upon his poor cold face, and cried bitterly, bitterly. And their poor father and mother, when they saw the snow falling on the hill, and the wind so cold, and the night growing dark, ah! they were frightened, frightened, about their dear little boy and girl! And they left all their other children in the house, crying sadly,—and they ran away up the hill and took the dog with them that watched the sheep, for they are very sensible dogs, and



'The Brother and Sister found dead in the snow.





they told him to seek for the children; and the dog ran away, snuffing along the snow. But, my little dear! it was long, long before they heard him bark loud, loud, and then they ran to the place his voice came from, and there they found the good dog howling over the children, and licking their faces."

"Ah, mamma; I'm glad they found them."

"My love!"—

"Oh mamma, mamma; did they bring them home? That good dear little girl, I love her much, mamma."

"Yes, my precious child, she was a good, kind girl, and obedient and loving to her mother; and he was good, too, and went kindly to keep his sister company. They were good little children and loved each other much! and you know I read to you out of the good book, 'that of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Oh yes, mamma, I remember—but the little boy and girl, mamma. What did their mother and their father do? Did they take them home?"

"Yes, dearest, they were taken home. But they were frozen!—the holy angels had carried their blessed spirits to paradise!"

“ Oh, mamma, mamma !” . . . . .

. . . . .

“ . . . Now, my little love, let me wipe your eyes, and give me many kisses.”

“ But, mamma, I am so sorry for these good, dear little children.”

“ Don't be sorry for them, dearest ; for, as they were innocent, good children, obedient and affectionate to their parents, and loving to one another, their heavenly Father took them away out of this cold world, where there is much misery and wickedness, to his own glorious kingdom, where there is nothing but goodness and happiness. And, my dear child, many a good little boy and girl have become very wicked when they grow old. And perhaps the Great Spirit saw, that if he allowed them to live longer, they might be tempted to do some bad action, or fall into some bad habit, or some sad misfortunes—and because he loved their little innocent souls, he took them away where they could never more fall into either sin or sorrow, but be pure and blessed angels for ever and ever.”

“ And will they love their mother and father yet, mamma ?”

“ I have no doubt but they will, my dearest love !”

me for not thinking when I said them before." And then when she had knelt, and said them "*out of her very heart,*" she went to sleep; sweetly sure, that He who careth for even the little sparrows that hop from tree to tree, would watch over her and all she loved

But we have left her much longer upon the floor than she really sat, for her mamma told her to go and get dressed for a walk; so away she went with her aunt Mary and had a nice walk.

Margaret's papa was very fond of her, and every day when he came home to dinner, she used to watch for him, and run when she saw him, and jump up into his arms, and then papa kissed and kissed her, and sometimes, when he found that she had been a very good girl, he gave her a penny. Her grandpapa, too, doated on her very much, and was staying with her papa and mamma at this time. Every morning when her grandpapa was dressing she would toddle away carrying his shoes to him. One day about a week before the day I am telling you of, when she lifted them, she observed that one of the strings was broken,—she recollected that among her doll's things, she had a bit of black ribbond like that which was in the other shoe; and away she flew and got it. She sat down at the outside of

her grandpapa's bed room door, and, with a pin, she struggled and struggled till she got it through the holes in the same way she had seen her own shoes done.

Grandpapa wondered what had become of his darling and the shoes that morning, that they were not coming as usual, so he opened his door to look for them, and there she sat. "Oh, grandpapa, I have almost got it through the last hole. There it is!" she cried, and held up the shoe to her grandpapa, quite glad and proud of what she had done. When grandpapa saw and understood it, he was glad and proud too, and stooped down and kissed the sweet child, and gave her a big half-dollar.

Now Margaret had great delight in spending her pennies ; she used to buy little rolls, or little biscuits, to eat when she was out at her walk, and sometimes she bought little dolls or penny boxes to give to a companion she was very fond of, and who had no pennies of her own. Very often she gave her biscuit, or her roll, to a poor child if she saw any looking hungry at her ; and she remembered how much good porridge and milk she had had for breakfast, when perhaps they had none. She was a very sweet-tempered obliging little child, and never was so happy as when she could run little messages, or do any thing else to as-



Little Margaret giving her Grandpapa his shoe.





sist any one ; and it is quite astonishing how much even a very little child can do when they are willing, and how much trouble they can avoid giving, if they try not to be troublesome.

When little Margaret went out, as I told you, to walk with aunt Mary, they passed a baker's shop where there were some nice biscuits in the window, and her aunt asked her if she was going to buy one. She said "no ; if you please, aunt Mary, I'm not going to buy any thing at all to-day." "Perhaps you want to buy a doll for little Jane?" "No ; I'm not going to buy any thing at all." "But," said her aunt, "if you don't buy a biscuit, you will be very hungry before you get home." "Oh, I don't mind that, I don't mind being hungry." Her aunt wondered, but did not say any more ; and for many days more did Margaret continue to deny herself the little indulgence of spending her pennies. Whatever money her papa or grandpapa gave her, she run and put it in a little drawer beside the half-dollar. Her mamma often asked her for what she was gathering her pennies so carefully : she would not tell.

At last one day, when she was out with aunt Mary, she asked her "how much pennies it would take to buy a pair

of shoes ?” “Is it for yourself, my love ?” said her aunt. “No, aunt Mary, it is not for myself, it is for my mamma.” “For your mamma, my dear child !” “Yes, aunt Mary, I saw a hole in my dear mamma’s shoe one day, and she said she had no pennies to buy another shoe, and I was sorry, and I remembered grandpapa’s half-dollar and a penny I had, and now I have another penny, and a six-pence saved, will all that buy mamma a pair of shoes ?” Aunt Mary told her she feared even all that would not buy a pair of shoes, but that it would need at least another shilling. Margaret was very sorry, and said she would try to get another shilling, but was afraid it would take a long long while.

In a few days after this, poor little Margaret grew very sick, and her mamma had to give her a very bad-tasted, ugly-looking medicine. She refused at first to take it, but when her mamma explained to her that it was to make her well, and that it was her duty to take it, she put it in her mouth and swallowed it. The taste was so very disagreeable that she was like to vomit it again, but she clapped her hands upon her mouth and kept it down. Her grandpapa was standing by, and when he saw how very good

she was, he gave her a sixpence ; and her uncle, who happened to be in the room too, gave her another, and they both kissed and praised her much. Thus by being good and obedient, Margaret got her much-wished-for shilling when she least expected it ! She was a happy, happy child ; she flew to her aunt Mary and gave her all the money, and the shoes were got immediately ; and then she ran to her mamma, and pulled off the old shoe with the hole in it, and put on the new pretty ones. How astonished her mamma was ! Ah, who can tell which was most completely blest ! the little generous heart that was throbbing with delight, or the mother's to whose bosom that precious child was clasped.

My dear little readers, don't you feel that sweet little Margaret was far, far happier than she could ever have been with buying biscuits or dolls ? Indeed she was, and so will every child that loves others more than it loves itself. Do you feel it difficult to do this ? Are you unwilling to give up your own pleasure or gratification for the sake of another, and do you wish to get the better of a temper so hateful as this—a temper that will make you unhappy and unloved on earth, and unfit for heaven ? Then do like little Margaret, ask your heavenly Father, “ *out*

*of your very heart,"* not merely with your *lips*, to assist you in overcoming this and every other fault, and believe me, dear little ones, you never, never will ask in vain.

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### LITTLE MARGARET'S HYMN.

MY God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Who art to children ever kind,  
To thee my little voice I raise,  
Oh, listen to an infant's praise !

Save me, Lord, from doing ill,  
Teach me how to do thy will ;  
With thy good Spirit keep my heart,  
That I may rightly do my part.

Oh never let me be so bad,  
As make my gentle mother sad ;  
Or make my father frown on me,  
And say that I've offended Thee !

Fill my heart with love to Thee  
For all thy boundless love to me :

Give me, what only thou canst give,  
The power to serve Thee while I live.

And when I die, as die I must,  
'Teach me in Thee alone to trust;  
And take me to thy bright abode,  
My Friend, my Father, and my God!



## PRESENCE OF MIND.

“MAMMA, what is presence of mind? I heard you and papa speaking of presence of mind, saying some person had showed great presence of mind, and I don't know what it is, mamma. And I have been trying to find out what it is by thinking about it, that I might not plague you with foolish questions; but though I think, and think, I don't know it, mamma, and I hope it is not a foolish question.”

“Oh no my little love, it is a very sensible question. Presence of mind, my dear, means that a person, though surprised, or alarmed, or in danger, does not forget what is right to say or do. Many people when they are startled or frightened, grow quite confused, and say and do the silliest things. And in that way many sad evils have happened, and many people have caused the loss of their own lives and the lives of others by losing their presence of mind.”

“And cannot people learn to have presence of mind, mamma?”

“Oh yes, my dear, surely they can; for people are not alarmed, so as to forget what they ought to do, when accidents happen in their own line of business or profession.



A sailor knows instantly what to do when accidents occur in a boat or a ship; but in the same situation a landsman would be at his wit's end. And firemen, that means those people who are employed to extinguish fires—don't lose their presence of mind in the most horrible dangers while exerting themselves to save the lives of others. So that it is evident that one of the most needful requisites for acquiring presence of mind, is knowledge; and the more people accustom themselves to observe attentively what is passing round them—both what they see, and what they hear or read of, as to the best way of remedying accidents of different kinds, the less likely it is that they will be startled into stupidity when any sudden alarm occurs in their presence, even though they might never have seen the like before."

"And can little children have presence of mind, mamma?"

"It is not expected that little children should have much presence of mind, my dear; yet I have known instances of it in very young children."

"Have you mamma? oh do tell me what they were; do, dear mamma!"

"The most remarkable that I recollect at present, oc-

cured in the nursery of a friend of ours. It was in winter, and a young lady went with all her family to visit at her father's house, where there were also some young children, the aunts and uncles of their little visitors. They were all in the nursery play-room, romping and amusing themselves ; and the nursery maids were also amusing themselves in a gossip, instead of noticing what the children were about. Presently some of the little things lighted a bit of stick in the fire, and ere long a shriek arose among the happy group, for one of the neices was in flames. Instantly the nursery was in an uproar—the maids ran here and there, yelling and screaming, but not once attempted to approach the poor child, or to do any thing for her preservation, so that the flames rose over her, and scorched her beautiful neck and head,—and she would certainly have been burnt quite dead, my darling ! had not one of her little uncles, a boy only about five years old, snatched up a large worsted shawl, and running to her with all his speed, flung it over her, and crushed out the flames, by squeezing her in his little arms !

“ Ah, mamma, what a dear clever good boy ! I love him much, mamma ! And was the poor little girl burnt very sore ? ”

“ Oh yes, my love she was sadly scorched ; her pretty neck was greatly burnt, and in sad torture, and though these sore, sore places were healed, there were scars left on her neck, and on one side of her lovely face, so that she had always to wear a cap.”

“ Ah, mamma,—poor little girl ; and is not burning, very, very painful, mamma ? I remember when I lifted a hot pin that Jane had been trimming the lamp with, it stuck to my fingers and made me cry much, and was sore for many days.”

“ Oh yes, my love ; I suppose there are no bodily torments so dreadful as those of burning ; and many dismal and cruel accidents and deaths are caused by the great carelessness of servants carrying fire and lighted candles about a house.”

“ Was this the reason, mamma, why you turned off Sarah, the chamber-maid, who *would* carry burning coals, in the tongs or a little shovel, into the rooms ?”

“ Yes, it was just for that ; and do you know that foolish obstinate woman, who laughed at those who were careful about fire, set fire to herself, while carrying coals in the tongs through her master's house ; and having no presence of mind, instead of trying to extinguish it, by rolling her-

self on the ground, or wrapping herself in a rug or carpet, she flew from place to place, shrieked over the windows, and rushed down stairs, and through the wide lobbies, so that the wind blew the flames so much, that she died soon after, poor miserable creature !”

“ Oh, that was terrible, mamma ? But how did the wind make the flames more ? I thought wind would blow out the fire ; it blows out a candle or a lamp.”

“ Oh, my little love, it is a little, little flame that wind blows out ! And have you forgotten that it is by blowing with a pair of bellows we make the fire burn ?”

“ Oh, yes, mamma, I was foolish to forget that !”

“ Yes, but by and bye, when you are older, you will understand that it is air makes fire burn, and that fire will not burn without it.”

“ And are air and wind the same, mamma ?”

“ Yes, my dear.”

“ Then, mamma, I think air can be wind only when it is in a terrible hurry.”

“ It is indeed sometimes in a terrible hurry, my sweet one ?”

“ And do you know any other story of presence of mind, mamma ?

"Yes, I remember one, and it is of presence of mind in a dog."

"A dog ! oh dear mamma, pray tell it to me."

"There was a gentleman and lady who had one little dear baby, and their nursery was on the upper floor of the house ; and one evening, when they were out, the nursery maid after putting the little infant into its cradle, walked off to the kitchen to refresh herself with a gossip, leaving a candle burning near the cradle. Probably a spark from the candle set fire to the clothes in the cradle ; at any rate, they were on fire, and the little innocent would certainly have been destroyed, but a dog, lying on the hearth, the instant he saw the flames, flew barking down to the kitchen, which was three stairs below, and, seizing the nursery-maid by the petticoats, hauled her towards the stairs, and then flew up again. The woman had the sense to follow him, and was just in time to snatch the little sleeping darling from the flaming cradle before the fire had reached her."

"Oh, mamma, that dear, good dog ! I love, mamma, I love him. What a dear worthy dog ! Oh, mamma, is there no good happy world where such good loving dogs are taken when they die ? I hope there is, mamma !"

“My little grateful dear, I hope so;—we are not told that there is,—but we are all quite sure that our heavenly Father, who watches over all his creatures, and cares for the happiness of all, cares even for the beauty of the flowers, and will certainly leave no good or kind action without its reward, either in this world or in another.”

## MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

IT somehow strikes me, that perhaps my little readers would like to hear about my brothers and sisters, and myself, when we were such little children as you are now :—how we learned lessons as you do now—how we amused ourselves—how we did wrong, and were punished for it—and how we were very happy sometimes, and other times miserable, just exactly as you are now !

I had three sisters and three brothers. We had a very good, kind papa and mamma, who did all in their power to make us good and happy children.

Our brothers never were allowed any authority over their sisters, or to be in any way cruel and unkind to them. On the contrary, they were instructed to know and to feel, that there cannot be a greater disgrace, or mark of meanness and cowardice in a boy's character, than the being cruel to any thing that is weaker than himself, especially a girl ; because both nature and the Bible teach us, that it is the duty of man to protect and sustain "*the weaker sex.*" And they were also taught to feel, that there is much more superiority of mind shown in being able to give up a trifle,



than in contending about it, or gaining it by brutal force, as we too often see boys do. I must own whenever I see a boy cruel or rude to his sisters, I think to myself—that boy when he grows to be a man, will never be either a great or a good one; he will be just a mean cowardly fellow; and I can tell you more, *I have very seldom been mistaken.*

There were of us four girls. Bertha, Mary, Ellen, and Harriet. I leave you to guess which of all these was *me*. My brothers were Henry, Adolphus and John. At the time I intend to tell you about, Bertha was fourteen years of age, and was in Edinburgh, at a boarding school; Henry was eleven; Mary was ten; Adolphus and Harriet, who were twins, were nine; and Ellen was eight; John was a little boy in petticoats.

We lived in a beautiful country-house, surrounded with fine old trees; we had a nice swing among the trees; we had rabbits; we had each of us a little garden; and we had a house, built by our own hands, and very nicely furnished. It had real glass windows, and seats, and a table. The boys made these of wood papa gave them. They were not very neat, but mamma gave us girls, some nice pieces of cloth, and we shaped covers of it, and made the seats look quite smart; and then she gave us a cover for

the table, and when it was hemmed and put on, we begged she would come out and see the house now, it was so finished and so lovely. I remember so well, it was a Saturday, and we had all been very good, and mamma was pleased with every one of us; she smiled on us so sweetly when we all came flying in with this request, and said, "Well, my darlings, have a little patience and I will go with you; but if you are boisterous, you know, I wont go. Wait here for me a moment." So saying, she left the dining-room, and we tried to wait patiently, but we all thought mamma's *moment* was a very long one. At last she came back with her shawl on, and off we set, jumping and capering round her as she walked, holding the two littlest ones by the hands. When we got to the house, the door was so small she could scarce get in, and then when she was in, she was glad to sit down, for a very good reason, the roof was so low she could not stand upright! This vexed us a little at first; but mamma was always so good natured, she just laughed, and said it was a *very* nice house, and quite a right size for *us* little bodies. We all run in after her, first the girls and then the boys; and when we were all in, the house was so full we had scarce room to turn round; but what was our delight and astonishment, when

we looked at the table, to see that, instead of nothing but the white cover as we had left it, there it was now covered with such lovely little blue dishes, filled with biscuits and fruit, and a little plate for each of us ! Dear, dear mamma, this was what she had been doing during the *moment* we thought so long ! I think I need not tell you how happy we were ; how we laughed, and jumped, and talked, and ate ! I just see mamma yet, sitting on one of our stools, and making so much fun, yet keeping us all so gently in order.

At last she said she must leave us. “ Oh no, no, mamma, not yet, mamma,” we all cried out, “ don’t leave us yet, you always make us so happy ; do sing us a song, mamma, before you go away.” She had a beautiful voice, and we all delighted so much in hearing her sing, we could have sat for ever to listen. “ What shall I sing ? shall I sing a song o’ sixpence ? ” “ Oh no, mamma,” said Mary, “ sing ‘ Weel may the boatie row that wins the bairnies’ bread.’ ” Mamma sung it immediately ;—but unless your mamma, my dear little readers, will sing this song to you too, you wont quite understand what I am going to say. When mamma had done singing, she looked round at us all so sweetly, but we saw there were tears in her eyes. “ Have we

vexed you, mamma?" said Henry. "Oh no, my dearest children, no, no; each of you come and kiss me;" and she clasped each in succession to her heart. "No, my darlings, I was not *vexed*; I only thought, as I was singing that last verse, will you, like 'little Sawney, Jack and Janetie,' try, when papa and I are old, to return to us the happiness and cares we have tried to bestow on your childhood?" "Oh yes, mamma," we all cried out earnestly, "that indeed we will." "Remember, my beloved ones," said she, "you cannot do so without God's blessing, and to have *that*, you must never cease to ask for it. Kiss me once more. Never forget this little cottage of your own making, this happy moment, or the promise you have made me, to the dying day of each and all." The rosy faces then turned on that dear mother with such fond affection, this scene, or these words, *never were forgotten*. But it was always thus with mamma; whenever we were particularly happy, she so sweetly and affectionately impressed some important lesson like this upon our minds, so that it never could be forgotten; for whenever we thought of the pleasure, we naturally thought of the good lesson too.

Our papa and mamma were extremely anxious to have

us all well educated,—the boys went to a school in the neighbouring town, and so did the girls for any branches of education which mamma herself could not give them. There was no acquirement they were more anxious we should possess than a taste for reading ; and by pointing out to us the incalculable advantages to be gained by a love for reading, and by always taking care to supply us with books at once useful and interesting, they really succeeded in making us extremely fond of it. Papa had an electrical machine, and on Saturday nights he used to delight us by showing some beautiful experiments with it ; and sometimes he showed us chemical experiments ;—and the little explanations he gave us of them, interested us so much that we longed for the time to come when we should be allowed to study these delightful sciences. Mamma was a good botanist, and when we were out walking with her, we used to run about and gather all the wild flowers, and bring them to her ; and then she would sit down and teach us how to find out what class and order they belonged to ; and tell us such curious things about trees and plants that grow in other countries. Insects, and butterflies, and shells, every thing we saw ; the very stones and earth over which we walked, mamma made us notice,

and had something interesting to tell about, and very often told us some funny anecdote that set us all a-laughing. Oh, these were delightful walks ! and no punishment so great could be inflicted on any of us as not being permitted to partake in them.

Mamma kept two books, of which we all stood in the most dreadful awe.—The one—for I remember the appearance of those books, as well as if they were before my eyes at this moment—the one was covered with black leather, and the other with pink. Every night when we were about to go to bed, and just before we said our prayers, these two books were brought out, and mamma wrote in the black one the name, or names, of whoever had been bad, whatever faults they had been guilty of through the course of the day, and what way they had been punished. In the pink book, the happy names of the good children were entered, and if any of us had done any thing she particularly approved of, she wrote it down in it too ; and on Saturday night, as soon as tea was over, she brought out the books, and papa read aloud all that had been written in them during the week. With what trembling hearts did those who knew that their names were in the black book, await this reading, and the remarks which our papa after-



wards addressed to each of us upon our conduct !—I can truly say that we were more impressed and punished by the deep distress we saw it gave him when there was much in the black book, than by any thing else that could have been done to us ; and on the other hand, how very delightful were his smiles and words of affectionate encouragement to those in the pink book ! but there was a farther punishment and reward for us. Papa always gave us a little pocket-money on Saturday night, and it was given in exact proportion to our goodness during the week,—the best child got most and the worst got none.—Any mark of ill temper to each other, any selfishness or greediness, any fibbing, or want of integrity in any way,—these were the faults that *certainly* deprived us of any pocket-money. This money we were allowed to dispose of exactly as we pleased ; but each of us had a neat little accompt book, in which we were obliged to put down every penny we spent, and on Saturday to cast up the sum and show it to papa. Saturday night was almost always a very happy one to us.—It was the only night of the week that papa was able to be at home, and mamma used to play and papa danced with us, and made such fun : and if, during the week, we had all kept out of the black book, we had a



little supper ; and Henry sat at the bottom of the table, and Mary at the head, and acted a big lady and gentleman : papa and mamma sat at the fire, and often they took such fits of laughing at our little nonsense !

One of the most delightful sources of amusement we had, was a little POST OFFICE, Papa and mamma were very anxious that we should all learn to write well, and easily : I don't mean merely to write a pretty hand ; but to express ourselves correctly, and without the great difficulty which so many children and young people feel when they are obliged to write a letter. They wisely thought, that nothing makes this or any thing else, easy, but constant practice ; so they established a post-office. It was a drawer at the top of the nursery stairs ; there was a slit in it, by which we put in our letters, and when we went to call *for* letters, we took the key and opened the drawer and took out what was for us. The rule was that we were not to write more nor less, than one letter in the day, and to each of our brothers and sisters in succession : so that we wrote a letter to each, once every week.—Supposing it was Mary that wrote, she wrote to Bertha on Monday—to Henry on Tuesday—to me on Wednesday—to Ellen on Thursday, and to Adolphus on Friday. John was too little to write, or

be written to, so we wrote none on Saturdays at all. Bertha's letters were not put into the little post-office, for you know she was in Edinburgh; mamma sent them all to her in a parcel every week, and she answered them the same way. At first the writing of these letters was a little difficult to us, but it soon grew quite easy, and so delightful, that it was a constant source of pleasure to us. If we saw or heard any thing curious when we were out, we took good care not to *tell* each other, but kept it as a good subject for our first letter. At the end of every month, papa looked over all the letters that had passed between us, and for every good one, that is to say, every one that was clean and prettily written, well expressed, and no words in it wrong spelt, we got a white ticket; and whoever had most tickets, was allowed on the first day of the next month, to write a letter to papa and mamma, who answered their letter, and always sent some little pretty present along with it, as an encouragement to be still more attentive and careful.

I think it was Henry who most frequently got these, not only because he was the eldest, but because he was a very sedate, wise little gentleman, who spoke little and thought much. Mary was a gentle, modest little girl. Ellen was

a great romp, and we thought her not very good-natured, and rather inclined to be greedy. Adolphus was a merry thoughtless, good-natured little fellow, who was always getting into scrapes, and yet we were all particularly fond of him, he was so open-hearted and so generous. Harriet was something like him, but she was very clever, and always saying such droll things that set us all a-laughing. She was very little of her age, and we used to make great fun of that; but for all her littleness, she sometimes outstripped us all at the lessons! I think you will almost be able to find out these different characters of the children, in the letters which I am now going to copy for your amusement. Mamma kept them all in a little box, and out of it I have picked a few to show you the way we went on. The first is from

## ELLEN TO HENRY.

*Rossville 3d March, 1803.*

MY DEAR HENRY,

I suppose you know that it is my birth-day, and that I am eight years old to-day. I went into papa and mam-

ma's room as soon as I was dressed this morning, because I was quite sure, at least I thought—I would get some pretty present; for you know on Mary's birth-day mamma gave her a nice needle-book. I was in a great hurry to get in, but papa was not ready, and mamma was in the dressing-room, so I had to wait till the bell rang, and then I flew in; and papa and mamma kissed me, and bade God bless me, and wished me many happy birth-days; and papa gave me a most beautiful silver thimble, with my name on it in shining purple letters. He said this present was to remind me I should be industrious and keep my own dress neat. Mamma gave me a little pocket, with a nice band to button round my waist, and in the pocket there was a needle book like Mary's. I was quite delighted with my presents, and I have been running about all the morning showing them, and begging every body to give me something to put in my pocket. Adolphus gave me a penny, and he said he would have given me more, but that was all he had left of his last Saturday's allowance; but I told him it was no matter, he could just give me what he intended after next Saturday; but then he is afraid he will get none next Saturday, because he got angry at Mary yesterday, and knocked her over, and broke her little

new china jug that aunt sent her, and mamma has him in the black book. I am sorry, sorry for that. Mary gave me a penny, and her little painted box. Harriet had no money at all, but she gave me a little handkerchief she had from mamma lately for being a good girl. I have sent my pocket along with this, that you may see it, and put any thing in it you please ; you know you are the oldest.

I wish you would pare Dolly's waist a little, for I have made a pair of new corsets for her, and they are rather too tight for her. A little paring would make them fit nicely. Let me know by return of post if you will do it. I am my dear Brother, your very affectionate Sister,

ELLEN.

## HENRY'S ANSWER TO ELLEN'S LETTER.

*Rossville, 3d March, 1803.*

MY DEAR ELLEN,

I have just received your letter of this date, and your pocket along with it. I admire the pocket very much ; I think it must have given our dear mamma a great deal of trouble to stitch it so nicely with blue silk. I suppose she

intended the pocket as a hint to you, little Miss Nell, to be more careful not to be losing your key and your thimble so often. I have not put any thing into your pocket for two reasons, both of which I think very good ones. In the first place, I have nothing to put, because, as you know very well, I spent all the money I had on things for the cottage, and another reason is, that even if I had any thing I would not give it to you, for I dont admire at all the greedy way you have been going on this morning. I like very well when any body is so kind as to give me a present, but I would scorn to ask one, or force any body to give me things as you have done. Ah fie ! to take poor little Harriet's handkerchief, and Mary's painted box, and Adolphus' only penny, when you knew he would get none next Saturday—it was greedy, greedy of you. I think, indeed, I shall give you one thing by the bye, and that is a little good advice. Go away up to the lumber room, and sit down upon the old saddle, and think of all the sins you have committed since your last birthday; how often you have vexed mamma, and how very little progress you have made in your lessons, by what you might; and try to resolve to be a better girl by the time another birthday comes. And I think this would do you more good

than going about plaguing every body with your pocket; for though they gave you things, you may be sure they thought to themselves, "What a nasty greedy thing that Ellen is!" I am, my dear Sister, yours affectionately,

HENRY.

*P. S.*—Send Dolly, and I shall pare her waist if you wish it; but you know though paring will make the little corsets fit her, it will make all the clothes that fit her now too large for her, so I would advise you rather to make bigger corsets for her.

### ADOLPHUS TO MARY.

*Rossville, March 3d. 1803.*

MY DEAR MARY,

I am very sorry now that I was so cruel to you yesterday; but, really I didn't intend to tumble you down; and I was quite sorry when I saw your jug was broken. You squalled, I am sure, with all your might. I hope your wind-pipe doesn't feel the worse of it to-day. The worst of it is, mamma has me in the black book,—and I was in



it last Saturday, too. I am sure I wish I could be a good boy.

I send you with this a little mill I have made for you. I wish it had prettier wings, but I gave Ellen the penny I intended to buy a sheet of coloured paper with. You know the use of it is for winding up skeins of silk thread. I saw one Miss Beverly had, and I thought I would try and make one too. Mamma thinks it very neat. I am, my dear Mary, your affectionate Brother.

ADOLPHUS.

### MARY'S ANSWER.

*Rossville, 4th March, 1803.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am much obliged to you for your kind inquiries after the health of my wind-pipe.

I thank you, Sir, it is pretty well to-day, notwithstanding the squalling exercise you made it take the other day. I assure you, I couldn't help screaming out, for my arm was so hurt, and my poor pretty jug; but I wont say any more about it. I am sorry you are in the black book about it;

that is a terrible book ! I am much obliged to you for your mill, (mamma says it should be called a reel) and I shall be so glad to lend it to mamma when she needs it, or to Bertha when she comes home ; but perhaps she wont care for our things, she will have so many fine things of her own.

Do you know there was such fun in the dancing-school to-day, after you went out. Johnny Orr was dancing with our Harriet, and he was giving a very fine skip, and he lost his balance and over he went on the floor ; to try and save himself, he made a grab at Helen Nicolson, who was nearest him, and pulled her down too ; and there they rolled over one another, and the whole school laughed out. The master was very angry at us, but really we could not help it ; the very fiddlers laughed. You had better inquire after Miss Helen's wind-pipe, for I'll assure you she did not spare the squalling ; but I think it was more for anger than hurt.

My paper is quite done, you see, and I must stop ; I am ever, my dear Adolphus, yours very sincerely,

MARY.

## HARRIET TO ADOLPHUS.

*Rossville, 6th March, 1803.*

MY DEAR ADOLPHUS,

So, Mary went and told you of the melancholy shipwreck of my poor partner. Indeed, I never saw any thing like it ; his legs flew up like the spokes of the little reel you made for Mary ; but mamma was rather displeased when she heard how we laughed about it, and said an accident was what might happen to any of us. But I will tell you something to laugh at. When I was down playing with the rabbits to-day, I saw little Kitty, the kitchen girl, go into the goose's house and take an egg, and put it in her pocket ; so I let her walk away without seeming as if I had seen her, and then I ran after her with a stick, and just as I passed her, I gave her a good smack over the pocket, and broke the great big egg all to smash. If you had seen how she looked when it came running down from under her petticoats ! But there is Mary calling me to go to school, so I must stop. Believe me, my dear Adolphus, your ever affectionate Sister,

HARRIET.

## ADOLPHUS' ANSWER.

*Rossville, March 7th, 1803*

MY DEAR HARRIET,

I laughed very much at you and the goose's egg, but I wish mamma may not be angry when she hears of it; for I believe, after all, it was what she calls mischievous. But surely it was very bad of little Kitty to steal the egg. I wonder if she wanted to sit upon it, and try if she could hatch a gosling; because you know she could not eat it, at least I never heard of any body eating a goose's egg.

Do you know, my big rabbit has got six young ones this morning, and I am going to give you two, as soon as their mother has nursed them enough; so you can give my best compliments to your old rabbit, and tell her to make ready her house, for two young ones are coming to live with her. Believe me, my dear Harriet, your very affectionate brother,

ADOLPHUS.

## HENRY TO BERTHA.

*Rossville, 2d April 1803.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am very happy to hear that you are so soon to be home ; we shall all be very glad to see you, and I am sure so will mamma ; for, as I suppose you have got a great deal of sense now, you will be able to assist her with the little ones, who are often troublesome enough to her. Adolphus and Harriet are two most thoughtless little beings, and always getting into the black book. They are always very good at their lessons, but no sooner are they let out to play than they are sure to be at some mischief.

Did you ever hear what they did one day last summer ? It was a warm, warm day, and they were playing in the glen, and there they found a man lying sound asleep among the trees ; he was dressed like a gentleman, and had a new hat lying beside him ; so what did our worthy brother and sister do, but they took the poor man's hat down to the burn, and they filled it as full of water as ever it would hold ! then between them they carried it back and laid it down close by his head ; and then ran off, laughing

heartily at the man's astonishment when he awoke and tried to put on his hat !

Mamma was very angry when she heard of it, and punished them both ; but the best punishment of all was, that about a fortnight after, Adolphus was going to climb a tree, and he laid down his fine new leather cap on the ground ; and when he came down off the tree, there lay the cap full of water ! He was in an awful rage, but no one was in sight, nor could he ever discover who did it. He came roaring in to mamma, but she just looked at him very coldly, and said, " Dear me, Dolphy, you were like to die of laughing when you filled the sleeping man's hat with water, why is it so much less diverting when done to yourself ? Go, go, sir, and let this teach you never, either in jest or earnest, to do to another what you would not like done to yourself." Poor Dolphy went away quite ashamed, and never said another word about his cap.

I intended when I began, to have told you a great deal about our lessons, but this foolish story has taken all my paper and all my time. I have begun astronomy, and am perfectly delighted with it ; I know almost all the constellations already, and can trace the zodiac. I got a prize at the quarterly examination on Monday, it was the one for

assiduity and good behaviour. Yesterday was the first of April, we had a great deal of fun, but Mary wants to tell you about it in her letter, so I wont say any more about it. They had very near got me sent a fool's errand, but just when I was going to scamper off to see a calf with six legs, I remembered what day it was, and said very composedly, that since the calf had such a number of legs more than I had, I thought *it* was but fair, it should come to see *me*, instead of my going to see it. So they were disappointed of their trick upon "Old Sobersides," as they call me.

Farewell, my dear sister; please to give my kind remembrance to Uncle and Aunt, when you see them, and ever believe me, your most affectionate brother,

HENRY.

### MARY TO BERTHA.

*Rossville, 2d April, 1803.*

Oh, my dear Bertha, if you had but been at home yesterday, we would all have been so glad, for we had such laughing. I don't rightly know how to get you told about



it, for it began the night before. We were all playing in the little parlour, and little Johnny said to Henry, "Enny, how big is a horse's egg?" We all burst out a-laughing at such a question, and Henry told him horses didn't lay eggs. "Oh, siss," that's his way of saying yes; "Oh siss, horses lay eggs, Elly told me." We laughed the double more at this, and Ellen got quite angry, and insisted that horses *did* lay eggs, for Kitty told her so. Henry said she was very foolish to believe every thing an ignorant little girl like Kitty told her, and that it was perfect nonsense; but you know Ellen will never give up a thing, so she insisted and insisted, that horses *did* lay eggs. Henry asked if the old horses clucked upon their eggs? but she was too angry to answer him, and said she would go and tell mamma how he was making a fool of her,—so away she went, and we all ran after her. Mamma could not keep from laughing, and said she was astonished how a girl of Ellen's age could be so silly as believe such abominable nonsense; but, would you believe it! instead of giving up at once to mamma, Ellen persisted in repeating that Kitty said it, and Kitty had seen a horse's egg. Harriet asked if Kitty put it in her pocket when she saw it, and that made us all laugh again. Mamma said very

seriously to Ellen, that to have believed such absurdity was merely foolish, to persist in repeating it when told it was such, was obstinacy; and she had often been told that this fault in her character was one that would make her both ridiculous and unhappy through life, if she did not get cured of it.

Instead of begging pardon, Ellen grew sulky, and wouldn't speak; she kept quite sulky all the evening and wouldn't play any. When mamma came to hear us say our prayers, she said nothing to her at all, but I thought mamma looked very sorrowfully at her, and she didn't kiss her. In the mean time, Henry had privately asked leave of mamma, to play a trick upon Ellen, the next morning, and she gave him leave. So what did he do, but took the great big tremendous pumpkin, that grew in the garden last year, and has been all winter under the sideboard, and he whitened it with chalk mixed with glue and water, till it was quite as white as any egg, and you know it is the very shape of one; he left it all night to dry, and in the morning, he got John the ploughman to help him carry it down to the field where the horses feed, and with some straw they made a great big nest by the hedge and put in the pumpkin. Then John said to one of the other ser-

vants in Kitty's hearing, "D'ye know, I'm thinking the mare has a nest somewhere down about the bottom of park." Away went Kitty and told Ellen the great news, and off the two set to seek for the mare's nest, and to be sure they were not long finding it.

Up came Ellen flying, to bid us all come and see who was right, she or we, about horse's eggs; we would surely believe it when we saw it! She was all panting with triumph over us. We all ran, and, to be sure, we could not conceive what great thing it was, but none of us would believe it was a horse's egg, and she would not let us touch it; she said she would go and tell Helen Nicholson and George. Henry begged of her not to do that, but she *would* go. It was in vain that Henry told her how George and Helen would laugh at her. "Laugh at her, indeed!" she said, "that was all the spite he had, because she was right and he was wrong."

Away she went, and, in a minute, back she came with George and Helen, running like to break their legs; and George laughing so, we heard him long before we saw him. You know George is a very boisterous boy, so he was not so mindful as we had been, about touching the egg; he attacked it instantly and in spite of all her

screams, that he would break it, "and kill the young horse," he rolled it out of the nest; the moment it came upon the grass, all wet with the morning dew, the chalk began to rub off, and the green colour of the pumpkin to shine through. George soon laid it more bare, by rubbing it with a bunch of wet grass. "The pumpkin,—the big pumpkin," we all cried out; and pumpkin, pumpkin, we squallied, till you might have heard that and our shouts of laughing, I am sure, a mile off! Poor Ellen, after all, I was very sorry for her, she was so ashamed and mortified; but mamma said she hoped it would have the good effect of making her less obstinate, and more inclined to listen with respect to the opinion of those older than herself; and she bid her, when she felt inclined to fall into this fault again, remember "the horse's egg."

I had no great reason to be proud of my sense; for papa said quite gravely, to mamma, when nobody was in the room but me, "The doctor will be here at 12 o'clock, to cut that horn off the cook's head." I stared, and never thinking it was a *trick*, off I ran, and asked cook when the horn grew out of her head; and then I was so laughed at. So to revenge myself, after a while, I rushed into the nursery, crying out, "Oh, come, come out, and see this horrible

thing ; there's a man begging at the door with five holes in his face !" They all ran down stairs, and there stood a man just like other men ; but I laughed at them all, and told them, his mouth, and his two nostrils, and his two ears, made five holes in his face ! They were almost going to be angry, but mamma said that wasn't right, they should take it in good humour, as I had done with the cook's horn ; and she went to her desk and brought out a very amusing puzzle, that was written by aunt Elizabeth. We were all very much diverted with it, and I have copied it for you.

We are all very busy with our gardens now, and we were much obliged to you for your present of flower-seeds. My lupins are up, and so are my cresses ; but papa says he fears Mr. Frost will come and nip their noses some of these nights. I am sure Ellen's seeds will never grow, for she digs them up every other day to see if they are growing. Adolphus and Harriet have their gardens all in one ; and in the middle, papa planted a rose bush, that bears white moss roses on one branch and red ones on the other ; that is like their two little selves growing on one stem.

This is a most dreadfully long letter. I dare say you

are quite wearied with reading it ; so I shall add no more,  
but that I am, my dear Bertha, your affectionate Sister,  
MARY.

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## THE OLD WOMAN OF BANBURY CROSS

A PUZZLE FOR APRIL DAY.

Have you seen the old woman of Banbury Cross,  
Who rode to the fair on the top of her horse ;  
And since her return she still tells, up and down,  
Of the wonderful lady she saw when in town ;  
She has a small mirror in each of her eyes,  
And her nose is a bellows of minikin size ;  
There's a neat little drum fixed in each of her ears,  
Which beats a tatoo to whatever she hears.  
She has in each jaw a fine ivory mill,  
And day after day she keeps grinding it still.  
Both an organ and flute in her small throat are placed,  
And they're played by a steam-engine worked in her breast.  
But the wonder of all, in her mouth, it is said,  
She keeps a loud bell that might waken the dead ;



And so frightened the woman, and startled her horse,  
That they galloped full speed back to Banbury Cross.

### BERTHA TO HENRY AND MARY.

*Edinburgh, 8th April, 1803.*

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

I was very much delighted and amused with both your kind letters, and the puzzle for April day, which I received by mamma's last parcel. I am obliged to answer them both in one, because this parcel goes away so soon, I have not enough time to get over all my writing. I wish, indeed, that I had been at home on April day, for I can assure you there was no such fun going on here; nor have I any thing to tell you in return that will make you laugh half as much as your letters made me. Many a time I think about you all, and wonder to myself what you are doing; I wish and wish, I were once more among you. Not but that I am happy enough, and Mrs. Farren is very kind to me—and so is the governess, Miss Kerr, but still they are not like mamma—nor a school, like dear, dear home. It is on Sunday I feel the difference most, for,



though they are very attentive in giving us Sunday lessons to get by heart, I am sometimes like to cry when I think how sweetly mamma explains every thing to us, and talks to us so affectionately about our duty to God and each other.

I am very glad to think I am coming home so soon, and yet there are some of my school fellows I shall be very sorry to part with,—they are such very nice girls, and so kind to me. There is, however, one girl that almost nobody likes, she is not good-natured or obliging, and she is very greedy. Whenever she gets any money, she spends it all in sweet things for eating, and no matter how much Mrs. Farren or Miss Kerr say to her, about what a foolish and disgusting way this is of spending her allowance, she still does it, whenever she can get the opportunity. The other night she had given one of the servants a sixpence to buy her a rhubarb tart, and she told the servant to put it into her bed, just under the folds of the clothes ; and the greedy thing intended to eat it after she was in bed. We are only allowed fifteen minutes to get to bed, and then Miss Kerr comes to see that we are in bed, and takes away our candles, and she is angry if she does not find us in bed when she comes. This miss is very conceited as well as greedy,

and she had put off a good deal of time curling her hair, and looking at herself in the glass, that night ; and when she heard Miss Kerr at the door she was in a great fright, and jumped into bed in such a hurry, she quite forgot the tart, till she felt she had lighted just on the top of it ; and its contents were running all over the bed. But this was not the end of her misfortunes, for, in looking about the room, Miss Kerr observed her night-dress lying on a chair, and asked why she had not put it on ? Miss tried to make some awkward excuse, but Miss Kerr turned down the bed-clothes, and ordered her to rise and put it on directly. Miss refused, and in the scuffle, a bit of the poor bruised tart peeped out ; Miss Kerr seized hold of it, and the whole affair was exposed. Mrs. Farren was sent for, and such an uproar you never heard. Another girl and I sleep in the same room with her, and we had such an ado to keep in laughing ; for Mrs. Farren allows no laughing at each other : we lay stuffing the bedclothes into our mouths while the Tragedy of Tart was acting ; but in spite of us, some little squeaks got out ; but the ladies were luckily too busy to notice us. Poor miss had to wear the black badge (that is what we get on for bad behaviour) for three

days; and what was worse to her, none of us could look at her without all but laughing out.

I have told mamma all about my lessons, so I shall not repeat it to you, as I asked her to read that part of my letter to you. I was very happy indeed to hear of your getting the prize, my dear Henry, it would make papa and mamma so glad.

There is to be a grand struggle for a prize of the same sort here too. It is a very beautiful bracelet of Mrs. Farrow's own work; it will be decided week after next. I wish, I wish I could gain it; that I might bring it home to papa and mamma too!

I am sure you won't say I have given you a short letter this time. I have spent all of my playtime in writing it. Kiss all the little ones for me, particularly dear little Johnny. And believe me ever and ever, my dear Mary and Henry, your most affectionate sister

BERTHA.

Such, my dear little readers, are a few of the letters that gave so much pleasure to our childhood. I do not say that they were all as good as these, because I have picked out the best and the most amusing ; but still there were none of them very bad, and even little Ellen's big text ones are clean and neatly written, and folded very nicely.

I would advise you to try a post-office : for I am sure you would find it a great amusement ; and all your lives you will feel the advantage of the early facility it would give you in writing letters. I have often seen great big boys and girls in perfect misery when they had a letter to write, and I have thought to myself, they have no little " Post-Office !"

There was a pleasure that we had in winter, when we were cut off from many others, (such as our gardens and our cottage,) and that was the making of our new-year's gifts. This was a very great and important business—and, like every thing else, it greatly depended upon the pink and the black book. I should have told you, that always on Saturday night, when papa looked over the books, besides giving the best child the largest allowance of money, this happy child got a white ticket, with its name on it on one side, and the words " New-Year's Day," on the other. On

the first day of November, every year, he counted all these tickets, and whoever had most, received the largest sum to buy new-year's gifts for their brothers and sisters, and papa and mamma. The largest prize was a guinea, and they grew less and less, down to the child who had fewest tickets, and that one got least of all. We were allowed if we chose, to save our weekly allowance, and add it to this to help our presents. What a busy time we had of it, till New-Year's day came!—so many secrets to keep! for it was a great secret, whatever we were going to give—that those we gave to, might get such a delightful surprise! We had so many pincushions, and needle-books, and work bags to make and ornament; and then, besides our own presents, we sometimes had to help Henry and Adolphus, if there was any thing about their presents that needed sewing; and they, in return, helped us when there was any thing to nail or glue about ours.

We knew that papa and mamma preferred a present of our own work to any thing else we could give them; and that made us very anxious to learn to work neatly. Mary and Harriet always tried to sew on muslin something for mamma; and if their little labours were not quite so beautiful as she could have bought, still I know she wore them

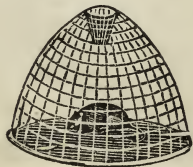
with far, far more pleasure. We were always on the alert to learn little neat works from any body that could teach us. When Bertha came from Edinburgh, she taught us a great many nice things, and we had a very charming new-year's day that year. We scarcely ever slept any the night before, and when the important morning came, what happiness it was to run about, each with all their presents in their lap, kissing each other, and wishing many happy new-years, and giving every one the things we had so much pleasure in making or buying—and then, when papa's bell rung, we all rushed into his room, and there was such a jumping with joy. Papa and mamma always gave each of us a present; papa generally gave us books or something connected with our lessons—mamma always gave us something ornamental, and at the same time useful. And to this day we possess almost all these beautiful memorials of a mother's love, and the happy days of childhood. When I look at them, my eyes fill with tears—I seem once more to see those dearly beloved parents, long since removed to another and a better world. I seem again to feel their warm kisses upon my cheek—to hear their voice of tenderness and affection; and I lift my heart to God, and pray that I may be enabled to remember and act up to all



their good and pious instructions. If you wish to be as happy as we were, my dear children, you must try to be as good and obedient to your parents. And always remember this—you are now forming the habits which will accompany you into life here and eternity hereafter. If in your childhood you are froward, passionate, selfish, or malignant, and you make no struggle in yourself to overcome these faults ; then froward, passionate, selfish, malignant, and *unhappy* you will be as men and women. I know that children often comfort themselves, when they are bad by thinking,—“ Oh I’ll be good enough when I’m a grown gentleman,” or “ when I’m a big lady.” Now there cannot be a more false or foolish notion. You might just as well suppose, that a little bramble, when it grew big, would grow into a rose-bush ! No, no ; depend upon it, if you are a bad or unamiable boy or girl, you will be a bad and unamiable man or woman. And you must also remember that your papa and mamma, or whoever fills their place, cannot *cure* you of your faults. They can point them out to you, punish you, and exhort you ; but *unless you exert yourself*, and pray earnestly to God for strength of mind to amend them, all the lectures and all the punishments they can give you will have no effect in making you better.



There is an old proverb—"One man can take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink." So it is with children—parents can bring you "to the water," that is to say, they can bestow pains in correcting your faults, and in furnishing you with all the *means* of instruction; such as schools, books, and teachers :—but never yet was any child, since the world began, made good, or wise, or accomplished, unless *it drank of the water*—that is, *added its own earnest endeavours*, (aided, as I have said, by a blessing *daily* asked from God,) to make you all that your kind and affectionate parents desire to see you,—all that you must be ere you hope to inhabit those everlasting mansions which will endure when this world and its fashion has passed away from you—from me—and from all living.



## ANECDOTES OF DOGS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

ONE day soon after Annette Mowbray had been told how her life was saved by "Poor Bessy," she was, as usual in the forenoon, seated on her little stool, sewing beside her mamma, who was sewing also, braiding a pretty frock as a birthday present for her little girl. They had been silent for a good while,—and at last Annette said, "Mamma I have been thinking about poor Bessy; did you ever hear of such a sensible dog as Bessy?"



"Oh yes," replied her mamma, "I have heard of many

dogs even more remarkable than poor Bessy,—dogs who seemed almost possessed of reason as well as instinct.”

“Mamma,” said Annette, “what is reason, and what is instinct? I don’t understand those two words.”

“My dear love,” said Mrs. Mowbray, “it is perhaps not very easy to make so young a child as you are, understand already what these words mean, but I shall try. You have seen a birds’ nest?” “Yes many birds’ nests, mamma, more than twenty.” “Well then, my love, you must have observed with what exquisite neatness they are made,—woven in a way no human hand could do; and each different kind of nest furnished within, exactly in the manner that will be most suitable and agreeable to the little tender young ones when they break the shell and come forth.”

“Yes, mamma,” said Annette, “I have observed that every different sort of bird has a different sort of nest, but I did not know that was the reason; I noticed the blackbird’s nest, in the garden hedge, was quite bare and cold-looking, just plastered smooth with clay, and the poor pretty eggs lying on it, so I thought, poor blackbird! you could find no feathers for your nest to keep your little young children warm, I will give you some; and so, mamma, I

picked some of the pretty soft feathers out of my doll's bed, and run and put them into the nest, and I thought the blackbird would think I was a good little girl to do that ; but next day, when I went to look, Mr. blackbird had tossed all my feathers out upon the ground, and there was his nest as cold and bare as ever ! I thought he must be a very stupid bird to do so, mamma, and very careless about his little ones ; not like the wren that built its little nest in the garden arbour, and quite lined it with nice soft warm feathers."

"Yet, my dear Annette, each of the birds did exactly that which was best for its young. The blackbird's little young children, when they first come out of the egg, are covered with long woolly black hair, which keeps them sufficiently warm, and if the parent bird were to line its nest with any thing soft, the poor little things would be like to suffocate with heat, so that the cold hard nest which offended you, was the most comfortable dwelling-house Mr. blackbird could have provided for his family ; and had he kept in your feathers, his children would not have liked them. On the other hand, the young of the wren came out of the egg quite naked, little uncovered tender things ; and were their house not quite stuffed with soft downs

and feathers, among which they nestle till their own feathers grow, they would die of cold. In the same way, every other sort of bird exactly adapts its nest in the best manner to the wants and comforts of its future family." "But, mamma," interrupted Annette, "how do they know beforehand what like their children are to be? Do their own papa and mamma birds tell them?" "No, my dear, the closest observation has never been able to discover that birds or animals receive instructions of any kind from their parents,—as soon as birds are able to fly a yard or two, they quit the nest and soon separate from their parents; and they never mind one another any more than they do other birds, yet every successive pair of birds build a nest of equal neatness and beauty, of exactly the same materials as did its parents, and adapted in the same delightful manner for the future little tenants. Nay, were you to take a young blackbird and a young wren out of the nests you speak of, bring them up in the same cage, away from all other birds, and when they were old enough to wish to build a nest, place within their reach the different materials of which each makes its nest in the garden, mix them together as much as you please, the blackbird will pick up the coarse straws or withered reeds, weave them into

a nest as his papa did before him, and then plaster it within with clay, that he wets and works with his little bill, till it is quite smooth. The wren will pick out for his little cottage the green moss and the feathers, and make it more neatly than you could do any thing your mamma had spent years in trying to teach you."

"And, mamma," said Annette, looking with great astonishment, "how do they learn—what teaches them?"

"They are taught by instinct,—which is the name we give the sense to guide themselves, which our blessed and bountiful Creator has given to the brute creation, instead of that brighter and nobler reason which he has given to us alone."

"But what is the difference, my dear mamma, between instinct and reason?"

"The difference is this : an animal that acts from mere instinct, never *thinks* ; it is *driven*, as it were, to do what it does, not from choice, but by the force of a power over which it has no control ;—but as our God delights in the happiness of all his creatures, he has caused most of the actions thus performed to give the animal great pleasure, and from this *we* often are led to speak and think as if birds and beasts did such and such things to please them-



selves, when, in truth, they cannot help doing them, any more than the wheel when it is turned round can help drawing along the carriage to which it belongs."

"But surely," said Annette, "surely, my dear mamma, a bird *thinks* when it builds such a pretty little nest, and tries to do it as well as it can?"

"No, my love," said her mamma; "birds certainly do not think. Every bird, ever since the world began, has built exactly the same kind of nest as did the first bird of each kind, without variety, alteration, or improvement; and when an accident happens to it, or they meet any unexpected interruption, they are quite unable to fall on any new contrivance to repair the damage or overcome the difficulty; so they just go and leave that nest and begin another in a different place. Whatever instinct enables them to do, they do to perfection, and cannot do one single thing more. Reason, with which we are gifted, is a very superior power."

"Indeed, mamma," interrupted Annette, "I think instinct must be a great deal better than reason. I'm sure if I had been taken away from you when I was little, and put in a cage, I would not when I was big have known what to do when I wanted a house. If we had an instinct



of French and music, and all our lessons, how much trouble it would save both you and me."

"My dear child, that is a very curious speech, and you will feel that it is so, if you consider a moment that it is reason, or the power of thinking, alone that enables us to know that there is a God—to read his Holy Word, and learn to do his will,—and, by entirely loving and serving him while we live, to prepare ourselves to go, after we die, to another world; where, he has assured us, we shall enjoy happiness and delights so great, that we cannot just now even *imagine* any thing so very, very enchanting. Reason, too, enables us to love each other; and I am sure you do not need to be told how much of our happiness flows from mutual love."

"But, mamma," said Annette, "beasts and birds love each other."

"Yes, to a certain degree they do, but very rarely from any other cause than the instinct which makes them love their young while they are helpless, and sometimes continue that love a little longer than their infancy; but did you ever hear of a bird, or a beast, that *loved* or *honoured* its parent when it no longer needed to be fed or kept warm by it?"

“No, mamma,” said Annette laughing, “I never did. I notice that pussy soon gives over caring for her kittens when they are big enough to eat meat ; and, at last, she cuffs their ears if they come near her, or plague her ; and then they give over caring for her ; and, the other day, when her poor foot was crushed in the door, though it was bleeding much, and she squalled out most piteously, neither of her big kittens cared a bit—the one lay dozing at the fire, and never rose to look at its mother’s foot, and the other kept eating a bit of fish it had got ; so, mamma, I whipped them both, to learn them to be more good to their mother : wasn’t that quite right of me ?”

“No my dear child, it was not quite *right*, though you did not do it for wrong. The kittens acted just as their *instinct* directed them. They no longer need their mother, and they no longer love her ; nor do they at all recollect the care she took of them when they were helpless. You have reason instead of instinct ; therefore you will always love your mamma, even when you no longer need her care, because you will look back, and remember all her love that is past ; and you know that God has commanded you to love and honour your parents as long as you live. Do

you now understand the difference between instinct and reason ?”

“ Yes, mamma, I think I do. Instinct can just do certain settled things, and nothing more ; and reason thinks, and contrives, and feels, and can remember what is past, and think of what will come.”

“ An exceedingly good explanation, my dear child,” said Mrs. Mowbray, kissing her little daughter. “ Instinct could never have contrived a watch, or a steamboat, or painted a picture,—nor can it feel pleasure in any thing but what adds to its immediate bodily enjoyment.”

“ But, mamma, you said you had heard of dogs that acted as if they had reason as well as instinct ; I would like very much to hear about them.”

“ Very well, I shall tell you some very curious anecdotes of dogs that I have met with myself, and also some I have read in books. When I married your papa, I had a very favourite little white dog, I had had it for a great many years, and I intended to have brought it here with me, but I found that your papa did not like dogs in the house, so I gave poor little Cayenne as a present to one of your aunts. You know your aunt's house is near thirty miles from this house and the steam-boats pass and repass both. Some weeks

after I had been living here, I was very much astonished to see little Cayenne come bounding and dancing with joy into the room! Where he had come from I could not discover, for no one appeared with him. Next day I had a letter from your aunt, in which she told me that the day before she had whipped Cayenne and locked him up for being ill-natured, and that when she opened his house to let him out, he was sulky, and would not stir out of it; so she left him, and soon after she found the house empty, and he had never been seen, and she feared he was stolen. It appeared that Cayenne had not liked to be punished, and had gone of his own accord to the village quay, and shipped himself on board a steam-boat, for the captain saw him come up out of the little boat into the steamer, and told me that he sat quite sedately on deck the whole voyage, never offering to stir at any of the four towns they stop at, before they reach this; but as soon as the boat drew near the quay here, he began to bestir himself, and was the first passenger that landed."

"Oh, mamma," cried Annette, "how very strange; but had he never been in this house before?"

"Yes, darling, he had, when I came here one of your

aunts came with me, and went home in a few days taking Cayenne with her."

"Had you ever whipped him, mamma?"

"No, never; I was very fond of him."

"Then, mamma, surely Cayenne could *think*—for you see he remembered that *you* had never whipped him, so he did not choose to stay where he was whipped, and he would think, 'I'll go into a boat, and go to my own dear, dear mistress, that never punished me—I wont stay with these people,'—wasn't that it mamma?"

"It looks as if Cayenne had thought something of the kind; but who taught or told him what boat to find, to avoid entering one going down instead of *up* the river, and to avoid landing at any wrong place?"

"It is very wonderful, mamma, indeed—what became of Cayenne, mamma?"

"He was stolen at last, and never heard of more."

"That was very sad. Tell me another story of dogs, mamma."

"There was a friend of mine who had a little fat brown terrier, and a fine large black cat—you know cats and dogs hate each other very much, and whenever dogs can get an opportunity of worrying and killing cats they do it.

However, little Oscar and the cat had been so long in the same house, that they seldom quarrelled. Oscar had a nice little blue painted house in the back court, with a nice warm mat in it for him to sleep upon. It appears that Mrs. Puss had admired Oscar's house, for one morning, when he was out, she took possession of it for herself and four little blind kittens. When Oscar came back, he was much surprised to find his house occupied : he barked and railed in at his door, but all in vain. Pussy lay purring to her kittens quite unconcerned. So at last, finding he could make no better of it, Oscar crept in beside her, and they continued to live in the house together quite happily. Oscar was as fond of the kittens as she was. If she licked one, which you know is the only way cats or dogs have of washing and cleaning their little ones, he would lick another, and turn it over with his paw, and make such fun. As soon as the kittens could eat, he seemed to think that there was no occasion for Mrs. Pussy remaining any longer in his house. So he drove her out and never would allow her to come back again ; but he kept the kittens, and redoubled his affectionate attention to them. He never would eat himself till they had ate as much as they could ; and when it was a good sunny day, he carried them one by



one, in his mouth, quite softly, out to the green, and then he would play with them, running and chasing and tumbling about so merrily ; and then, when he thought they had played enough, he carried them all back to the house the same way ; but when it was a bad, wet, or cold day, he would not let them out at all ; if one run out itself, he would run out after it, and bring it back in his mouth. Instead of constantly following every body about the house, poor Oscar could think of nothing but his kittens ; and he staid in his house all night and all day to take care of them."

" Oh, mamma," cried Annette, " that was very funny—and what became of them ?"

" Indeed, my love, I am sorry to say, the family Oscar belonged to were so cruel as to take his kittens from him, and send them away ; and poor little affectionate Oscar pined and pined with grief till he died."

" Oh, mamma, that was cruel, cruel ; I would not have taken his kittens from him, dear little good dog. Do you remember any more dog stories mamma ?"

" Yes, my love, but your sewing-hour is done, and you must go to your arithmetic. To-morrow, if you are a good





Oscar playing with his kittens.



girl, I shall tell you more." Annette kissed her mamma, and jumped away for her slate.

Next day, as soon as Annette and her mamma were seated at work, Annette said, "now, dear mamma, I have been a good girl to-day, have I not?"

"Yes, my love, I observed with great pleasure that you were trying to be so."

"Well, mamma, will you tell me some more dog stories? do, dear mamma, I like so much to hear true stories."

"Indeed, my dear Annette," said Mrs. Mowbray, laughing, "at this rate you will soon exhaust my store of dog stories; but in a book which I shall give you whenever you are able to understand it, you will find an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the account of different animals; their habits, propensities, and ways of living."

"What is the book called, mamma?" said Annette eagerly.

"Trimmer's Natural History. It was written by a good lady, solely for children; and is at once most interesting and instructive."

"Oh, mamma," sighed Annette, "I wish I were old enough to read it."

"Nay, my child," said her mamma, "instead of idly

wishing to be *old* enough, rather wish and try to get *sense* enough."

"But, mamma, can people *get sense* themselves? I thought it was God who gave us whatever sense he pleased, and that we could not get any more than just what he gave us!"

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Mowbray, "you are so far right that God allots to each of us a certain portion of sense, but he leaves us to improve it or not, as we please, ourselves; and, therefore, we find that it is not always those who are naturally the most clever, but those who anxiously and steadily endeavour to improve what sense and cleverness God has given them, that make the best appearance in the world as men and women."

"And, mamma," said Annette, "could dogs improve their own sense, and grow wiser by trying?"

"No, my love, they cannot, because they are incapable of reasoning, and they are not gifted with the power of speech by which we improve each other."

"But, mamma, have not dogs and other beasts a way of speaking to each other?"

"Yes, my dear, they have ways of expressing to each other their wants and wishes:—but I never heard of any

beast or bird turning school-master and teaching the rest."

Annette laughed and said, "no, mamma, except in *Æsop's Fables* :—but, mamma, tell me this, have all beasts the power of understanding every other beast; or is it only their own kind they understand? I mean, could a dog understand a cat's language, or a cow a horse's?"

"That is a question," said her mamma, "I cannot exactly answer, my dear, whether universally they understand each other or not; but I shall tell you an anecdote that shows dogs and cats sometimes can make each other comprehend their wishes and intentions. There was a friend of mine near Stirling, who had a dog and cat who lived in great peace and friendship together;—much about the same time the dog had a son and the cat a daughter, and these two little gentry grew up together and were very fond of each other. There was a nice back-green to the house, where they used to play together, and when they were wearied, they would go to sleep in each other's arms. When they were about three months old, they were sent away as a present to a person in *Edinburgh*,—the two little things were put into a basket together and covered over so that they could not see: there was some meat put in with them, and thus provided, they were mounted on a

carrier's cart, and trundled away a long road—thirty miles and more.”

“I think, mamma, they must have had a very uncomfortable journey,”—interrupted Annette.

“I don't doubt it, my dear,” said her mamma, “but little dogs and cats must just endure, like their betters in this world, to be uncomfortable sometimes! When they arrived in Edinburgh they were very happy to get out of the basket, and get a drink, and then a sleep; but next day when they began to go looking about their new habitation, they did not like it at all. Edinburgh is a very fine beautiful city, but little miss and master disliked it exceedingly—they were not allowed to go out, and when they looked out at the windows, the noise and strange sights they saw in the streets terrified them:—then, from being strangers, they committed many little offences, for which they were whipped; in short, they became quite miserable. So, one evening, a few days after their arrival, when the street was quiet, they slipped out at the door when no one was noticing. How they told each other their plan, or how they found their way, I cannot tell you;—but two days after they left that house, they arrived at their former home in Stirling—very much worn out with fatigue and want of food.”

"Ah, mamma,—poor little things !—I could cry for them!"—said Annette with tears in her eyes.

"All the way along, the little dog, who was the biggest and strongest, defended the little cat."

"But, mamma, how was that known, did any body see them?"

"Yes, my love, a gentleman from Stirling was riding along that road, and at a very lonely part of it, where there were no houses, he was surprised to observe a very small cat running along :—his dog, which was with him, saw it too, and flew at it, but immediately a little dog sprung out from the hedge-side, and drove off his dog, and then ran on with the cat in the opposite direction to that the gentleman was going. On his return to Stirling he heard of the extraordinary feat of the two little creatures coming back, and went to see if they were the same he had observed on the road."

"And were they the same?" said Annette.

"Yes, my love ; he said they were."

"How very strange it was, mamma,—it was just as if the little dog had thought the cat was his little sister, and would not let any one hurt her ! I think, mamma, it must



have been him that found the road, for cats, you know, are not near so wise as dogs."

"In most respects they do show less sagacity than dogs; but in that of finding their way back to places to which they are attached, they are not surpassed by any. I knew a cat sent away in a ship, which, when it had gone about nine miles down the river, cast anchor for the night. The sailors knew that puss was on board when they went to bed, but in the morning she was no where to be found; and they concluded, that not being well used to walk about in a ship, she had missed her footing, and been drowned; and some even said, they heard the splash in the night-time. Mrs. Puss had gone over board, sure enough, but with her own will;—she must have swam ashore, a distance of a mile, and then ran nine miles home, where she arrived, quite composed, in good time for breakfast next morning."

"But, mamma," said Annette, "I thought cats had a great dislike to water, and were very frightened to go into it."

"So they do dislike water exceedingly," said her mamma; "and the poor animal overcoming her natural dread of it, so far as to throw herself into the sea, shows how very strong her attachment to home must have been. I

remember another cat, which belonged to a lady who died in a house where I lived. The poor animal was so attached to the place, that wherever she was taken, she always came back to it. At last she was given to a ship master, who took her to Liverpool in England, and gave her as a present to a person there. On his arrival back in this country, he was astonished to hear that, a day or two before, the cat had re-appeared at her old quarters. He declared that it could be nothing but witchcraft that brought her back ! as he had desired the people not to let her go at large till they were sure he had sailed,—and for witchcraft it might ever more have passed, had another shipmaster, who heard of the circumstance, not told, that that cat came on board of his ship at Liverpool, and came home in it, but that she disappeared as soon as they got into port here ; for though his ship was a few days later of leaving, she was first here.”

“ And how did they know it was the same cat mamma ? —perhaps it was another.”

“ No, my love, it was the same ; she was a very pretty cat, and had only one ear. I suppose she had lost the other in a battle ; for you know cats are very quarrelsome with each other.”

“Are any other beasts possessed of so much wisdom as dogs, mamma?”

“Wisdom, my dear, is not a proper word to apply to a beast. Wisdom is the highest attainment of the human mind,—sagacity that of a beast. The horse and the elephant are very remarkable for their sagacity, and you will find some very curious stories of them in Trimmer’s book.”

“Is not the cow a stupid beast, mamma?”

“It is generally thought so : and yet I shall tell you an anecdote that showed both great memory and cunning in a cow. When this poor cow had her first calf, it was immediately taken away from her, and she was excessively grieved at that, and would not eat her food for several days.”

“Why did the cruel people take her little calf from her, mamma?”

“Because when cows are allowed to have their calves, they will not give so much milk ; and therefore the farmers take them away as soon as possible. After awhile, this poor cow appeared to forget her calf and her grief. The following year she had another calf. The people to whom she belonged were quite sure she had had a calf, but not a bit of it could they find ! She

was feeding in an enclosed field, every corner of which was sought, but no calf was found : she never was missed out of the field,—but still the small quantity of milk she gave, showed she had a calf somewhere. After this had gone on for nearly two weeks, the people determined to watch her a whole day, and see what she did. She fed away quite quietly, as if she was thinking of nothing but the grass she was eating ; but always came nearer and nearer to one side of the field, where it was joined on the other side of the hedge by a piece of rocky ground, covered with trees and bushes. She looked all around, and seeing nobody—for the man who watched her was hid behind a tree—she squeezed herself through a very small opening in the hedge, that did not seem as if any thing so large could possibly have gone through it. She then went down among the rocks—the man followed her, creeping on his hands and knees,—till she came to a part where she stood still, and once more looked all around her, as if to see whether any one was near. She then stamped with her feet several times on the ground, and a little calf came running out of a sly corner under a rock, where it was quite hid with bushes. The cow seemed very glad to see the calf, and it jumped and capered about ; she suckled it,

licking and fondling it all the while, and as soon as it had got as much milk as it wanted, she appeared to order it away back to its bed, for the man saw it go back to the place it came out of; and the cow then returned to the field, and the instant she had squeezed herself back through the hedge, she began to eat as if she had not been doing any thing at all!"

"But I hope, mamma," exclaimed Annette, "that those cruel people did not take away her poor little calf?"

"No, my love," said Mrs. Mowbray, "they were so much struck with the attachment the poor cow showed to its young one, and the plan she had fallen on to save its life, that they brought it up to the field and allowed her to keep it."

"Oh, I am glad, glad of that, mamma," said Annette. "Now, mamma, tell me this, have sheep much sense?—do you know any sheep stories, mamma?"

"Yes, I know a good many anecdotes of uncommon sagacity in sheep, with regard to the safety of their lambs, but in other respects they are rather stupid animals. Not long ago, your uncle was riding along a very wild and lonely road in the Highlands, and all at once he saw a sheep come running very fast down a hill, as if it were

coming to him ; it kept bleating very loud, and when it had got close to your uncle, it looked first in his face and then up the hill, uttering the most pitiful cries ; your uncle rode on, but it ran by the side of his horse, bleating, and showing that it wanted him to go with it ;—at last his pity was so moved that he dismounted and tied his horse to a tree ; as soon as the sheep saw that he was going with it, it showed the utmost joy, and ran on before him up the hill, stopping and looking round every now and then to see if he was coming. When they reached the top of the hill, it ran towards some rocks, and standing still cried more pitiful than ever ; your uncle then perceived that in a cleft of the rock there was a poor little lamb sticking so fast that it could not move. It had fallen in backwards, and was lying in the hole with all its four legs sticking up, and here the poor little thing must have died, had its mother not come to your uncle for help. He lifted it out, and placed it on its legs ; it shook itself and began to skip about. The joy of its mother was most unbounded ; she jumped and capered about, and licked her lamb, and then your uncle's hands, to express her thankfulness, and followed him with her lamb a good way down the hill, bleat-



ing in a very different tone from what she had done when first coming to him."

"Oh, mamma," said Annette, "how glad I am my dear uncle went with the poor sheep,—was he not glad he had done it?"

"Yes, my love," said her mamma, "I am sure he was; for your uncle is very kind-hearted, and God has attached a rich reward of happy feelings to the performance of even the most trifling acts of kindness; done even to the brute creation, and far more to immortal creatures; and we know that he looks with approbation on every such action, and on the heart that wishes to perform them, and will reward that heart in his own good time; we should try to think more about this, and less about what gratitude we receive from those to whom we have been kind. *They* may forget that we have been kind to them, but God will not forget it, if he sees in our hearts that we were so from pure and good motives, and not from mere vanity or selfishness; and how happy must they be on whose actions God looks with approbation!"

Annette's sewing-hour was now done, she kissed her mamma, and thanked her for such nice stories. And if my



little readers are so well pleased with this first "INFANT'S ANNUAL" as to wish for another, they shall next year, or perhaps sooner, have more of Annette's conversations with her mamma; and perhaps in the mean time, their own papas or mammas may tell them some "Anecdotes of Dogs and other Animals."



## LITTLE MARGARET'S LULLABY.

Where should a baby rest !  
Where but on its mother's arm—  
Where can a baby lie  
Half so safe from every harm !  
    Lulla, lulla lullaby,  
    Softly sleep my baby ;  
    Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
    Soft, soft, my baby.

Nestle there, my lovely one !  
Press to mine thy velvet cheek ;  
Sweetly coo, and smile, and look,  
All the love thou canst not speak.  
    Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
    Softly sleep my baby ;  
    Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
    Soft, soft, my baby.

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
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